THE SATURDAY EVE

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PHILADELPHIA, SATU

DREAMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISKE.

Youth, happy youth, 'twas mine once; it is dead—
Prest down and buried 'neath the autumn mould;
The world is desolate, now I've grown old
And beauty crowns no more my shaking head.

The forms I loved have crumbled long to dust,
Their very names forgot by all save me—
Dead leaves are clinging to the homestead tree—
The fireside's fallen to decay and rust.

Pale dreams lie buried 'neath that sacred tree,
Fair dreams that faded from me years ago;
And by that fallen fireside sounds of woe
As of dead voices, fill the air for me.

Soft Night, from out thy darkness bring me light!
Let me forget that my fair youth is dead;
Crown my shrunk brow with roses, white and red;
Let eyes, long darkened, smile, oh, gentle Night!

False Night! bring not visions so full of pain!
I wake—Morn's glory lies upon the air—
And I am youthful still, and I am fair—
Bring me no more such dreamings false and vain!

Sweet friends, with happy eyes, give me your hands!
My pulse beats calm and cool as summer rains;
Of all Night's visioned griefs but one remains—
A solitary grave in other lands!

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRISONER.

I darted forth, without even an adios to Don Ramon, and almost instantly the heavy gate closed behind me. I found the dragoon holding my horse, true to his orders, and most of the others collected in a body around him, and all more or less in confusion and much excited.

"Here he comes! Here he comes! Here comes the Lieutenant!" shouted half-a-dozen voices.

"What is the matter?" cried I, springing forward and fairly vaulting into the saddle.

"The guide has escaped," said Sergeant Walters, "and some four or five of the men are in hot pursuit."

"Treacherous, as I suspected, and he may lead them into an ambuscade! Quick, there, let the recall be sounded?"

Almost instantly the trumpet gave forth the rallying summons; but if heard, it seemed not to be heeded. We could hear the heavy retreating tramp of the bounding steeds, and the shouts of the men, each moment growing more and more distant, as the chase led them away across the beautiful valley. I ordered the trumpet to sound again; but the second signal seemed to produce no more effect than the first.

"How did this happen?" I inquired.

No one knew. Don Pedro had been left with his guards in the rear of the hacienda; and the first knowledge that any present had had of his escape, were the sounds I heard on reaching the *patio*. The guards, and three others nearest him, had fired at and followed him, while the sound of the trumpet had collected the remainder at the gate to await my coming.

"I do not now care for the loss of Don Pedro," said I to Sergeant Walters; "though I should have liked to question him before his departure, for he answers the description of one Romanillo, a terrible chief of a terrible band of robbers. But I hope no harm may befall the gallant fellows who have gone in pursuit—though I fear this desperado has had some sinister motive in getting us here—and it would not greatly surprise me if he led them into an ambuscade, either of his own men or the foes of both. Ha! what is that?"

"It is a shout of numbers," cried Walters. "And hark! good heavens! there goes a volley! we must to their rescue!"

"No," said I, "our place for the present is here. If they are to be killed or captured, it will be over before we can reach them; if they escape, they know whither to retreat; and if they draw the enemy after them, we shall in turn gain an advantage by taking our foes by surprise; besides, just now, I wish to guard against the escape of the officers within."

I at once ordered my little command to form for action, either offensive or defensive, as the case might be; and then having enjoined profound silence, I quietly awaited further indications of duty.

And here perhaps it may be proper to give a word of explanation in respect to my present position as commander of a small detachment of dragoons, and why such a post had been assigned to one who himself rated as a private and carried a musket in the Infantry Guard of Honor.

The Guard of Honor, as I stated in a former chapter, was composed principally of American officers, with General Mina as Captain, one Colonel Young as Lieutenant, a Major as second Lieutenant, and so on down until officers of minor grade became mere privates in the ranks. The reason of this was, because, at the time this company was formed, there were not regular privates enough to give each officer his proper command, and it was necessary to have each individual properly drilled. But though we minor officers drilled as infantry privates, each man exercising with the musket, yet in view of the posts to which we might severally be assigned in future operations, we also drilled as dragoons, each man in turn being permitted to take the command of a small detachment. Being by far more a lover of cavalry than infantry exercise, and being withal a pretty good horseman, the General was not slow to perceive in which division of his little force I should prove the most effective, and promised at the earliest practicable moment to give me a congenial position in a company of dragoons, which promise undoubtedly secured me my present place at the head of a small mounted detachment of my own countrymen.

As I sat my horse at the head of my command, waiting and listening, I soon became aware, by the heavy, clattering sounds which each moment fell more distinctly upon my ear, that a large body of horsemen were rapidly nearing us, and soon after I caught a glimpse of something like a dark shadow floating along the valley directly toward us. I had just time to give the word of caution in a low tone, and settle myself firmly in the saddle, when two horsemen dashed up with a shout of triumph. Their voices being recognized, we, instead of cutting them down, welcomed them with a loud cheer, and the next moment were bearing down upon their pursuers, who, being taken by surprise, turned and fled in every direction, my men in turn pursuing them, and thus scattering my command to the four points of the compass.

Fearing my brave fellows, in their eagerness to grapple with their foes, would rashly follow them so far as to be cut off in detail, I shouted to the trumpeter to sound the recall; but getting no answer, I bethought me of the boatswain's whistle, and sent its shrill notes over the valley. It brought to my side about half of my men; but the rest still continued the chase; and we could hear their shouts, mingled with those of their foes, in every direction; while an occasional clash of sabres, and the report of a carbine, announced the probability of some personal combats.

At this moment, being some distance from the main gate of the hacienda, I fancied I heard a creaking of its hinges; and thinking it not unlikely that La Garza and his officers might make an attempt to reach their camp, which I now believed to be in the vicinity, I ordered my men to follow me, and made a bold dash to intercept, and, if possible, take them prisoners. I was right in my conjecture as to the General and his staff coming forth; but though I was enabled to get within pistol shot of them, yet they discovered me in time to make good their escape; for they were mounted on fleet horses, and flew like the wind over the valley, their steeds steadily gaining upon ours till I reluctantly relinquished the pursuit.

As I slowly returned, having the trumpeter now in company, I kept him sounding the recall, and was much rejoiced to find my gallant fellows come riding up, one after another, till at last I could count all but four; and as I at length ordered a halt, about a hundred yards from the chapel, one of these four came galloping up, having a Royalist officer mounted in front of him, whom he had wounded and taken prisoner.

I now made inquiries, and learned that Don Pedro had succeeded in escaping from us, by riding into a party of horsemen that were stationed in the small grove of trees from which we had first seen La Garza and his staff issue, and that three out of the five who had followed him had either been killed or taken prisoners, the remaining two making good their retreat, and being followed by their enemies, who had in turn been set upon by us and some of them killed, with no further loss to ourselves.

Fearing the enemy, whose numbers were far greater than ours, might rally and attack us if we remained where we were, I decided to ride back to that point of the wood from which we had first issued into the valley. Here, believing my party safe for the night, I ordered the men to dismount, and dispose of their horses on the green just in front of us, so that the animals could graze while idle, and yet be caught and mounted at a moment's notice.

I now for the first time turned my attention to the wounded officer... been broken by a sab... ferings were so acute ... many a groan, which ... his will.

"I regret, sir," I ... "that I have no surgeo... but if you will permit ... arm as well as our circ...

"I thank you, Seno... plied; "but if you wou... my comrades, you woul... obligations."

"I am willing to ex... if any of them are pris...

"I am of course a... Comandante," he rejo... that my rank is lieuten... related to General La G... my influence to procu... men the moment I ... liberty."

"But I am not certa... is more than likely ... spot."

"Then I pledge you ... you a fair ransom or re...

"Step aside with me ... him beyond hearing o... "Senor Teniente, if y... simple questions, you s... once."

"Anything that I can ... Comandante."

"Is the main camp o...

"It is not far off."

"Within a mile of P...

"No, Senor."

"Within two miles?"

"Si, Senor."

"What force does he...

"Pardon me, Senor, ... force!"

"Has he marched hi...

"I decline answering ...

"Suppose your life ... reply?"

"Then I fear I shall ... sooner, Senor."

"You will not answe...

"I would rather not."

"Are you acquainted ...

"I have seen him, Se...

"You evade the ques...

"I have no intimat... him sufficiently to speak ...

"Is it his intention ... country at present?"

"He could best answ... Senor—I would rather ...

"Do you know one D...

"I do not, Senor."

"Do you know it was ... from my party to yours ...

"The person who sou... pursued by your men, ... stranger, at least to my... my comrades."

"Did you ever hear o...

"Hear of him?" he ... "why, he is the terro... least he was a few years ... is now at the South!"

"Did you ever see hi...

"Not to my knowled...

"Well," said I, "I ... was Romanillo to whom ...

"Holy Saints forbid ... Comandante!"

"No, I am seriously ... reasons for supposing ... you, is the man who... much terror in the coun...

"Oh! if I could get ... ledge, in time to captu... making of me! There ... offered for his head!"

"You are at liberty ... questions."

"But how can I with... turned, with hesitation ... peat your questions?"

"What is the force w... Palo Alto? and for wh...

He hesitated, and at ...

"My arm is very pai... and I almost feel I sho... back to my comrades ... means."

"Speak out then!"

"You will not betra...

"I am a soldier, s... honor!"

"Well, then, the fo... little over three hundr... and it was rumored am... that we were to escort ... goods, beyond the reac...

"So then," said I, "... mon has been playin... this removal to have ta...

"To-morrow, Senor."

"And where is to be...

"That I do not know... tified rancho, about five ... here, which I think wil... day's march."

The double-dealing ... he had wanted me to ... that any rumor of his ... General Mina.

YNG POST

RDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

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, whose sword-arm had
re-stroke, and whose suf-
as to wring from him
eemed to escape against

aid to him in Spanish,
n attached to my party;
me, I will bandage your
umstances will allow."
e Comandante," he re-
ld permit me to return to
ld put me under lasting

change you for my men,
oners," I answered.
stranger to you, Senor
laced; "but I assure you
ant, that I am distantly
Garza, and that I will use
ure the release of your
shall have gained my

in they are prisoners: it
they were killed on the

my honor, to either pay
turn."
," I said. And leading
the others, I resumed:
ou will answer me a few
hall have your liberty at

honorably answer, Senor

f La Garza near?"

alo Alto?"

number?"
, if I do not name his

ther to aid Don Ramon?"
, Senor."
erty depend upon your

have to remain your pri-

r that question?"
"
with Don Ramon?"
nor."
tion!"
acquaintance—I know
k to him."
to leave this part of the

er that question himself,
not answer for him."
on Pedro Ormentz?"

he who made his escape
?"
ught safety with us, when
Senor Comandante, was a
self, and I believe also to

f one Romanillo?"
repeated, with a start;
r of the country—or at
s ago—for I believe he

m?"
ge."
have reason to think it
you gave protection."
! you are jesting, Senor

in earnest. I have good
the man who escaped to
e name has excited so
ntry."
back with this know-
re him, it would be the
are a thousand pistoles

to go, if you answer my

honor, Senor?" he re-
. "Will you please re-

which La Garza has near
at purpose?"
length said:
nful, Senor Comandante,
uld be justified in getting
and a surgeon by any

me?"
nd claim to have some

orce of La Garza is but
ed, cavalry and infantry;
mong my brother officers,
Don Ramon, family and
h of General Mina."
I perceive that Don Ra-
upon me! When was
aken place?"
"
his final destination?"
, Senor. There is a for-
leagues northward from
ll be the end of the first

villain! This was why
remain through the night,
intentions might not reach

"By the-by," pursued I, "since you know something of this Romanillo, what object do you suppose he had in guiding us hither?"

"Holy Virgin! was he your guide, Senor?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, in surprise.

"Yes, he guided us to Palo Alto, under the name of Don Pedro Ormentz. He brought word to General Mina, that Don Ramon was well affected toward our cause, and that there was to be a ball at the hacienda to-night, at which La Garza and staff would be present. It was his desire to have La Garza and staff taken prisoners. What object had he in this, do you think?"

"Plunder, undoubtedly," returned the Lieutenant, thoughtfully. "I think I see through the scheme," he added. "If it was indeed him you had with you, he is doubtless back here with his accursed band, who may be lying in wait in this vicinity, and it is not unlikely he has a design upon the hacienda. Finding our troops near enough to protect the place, it may have occurred to him, to either involve us in a fight, or get our chief officers arrested; and while the attention of all parties should be directed to a different quarter—as of course in such an event would be the case—he could step in with impunity and safely bear off the spoil."

"Your conjecture is a reasonable one, and agrees with mine," I replied. "And now, according to my promise, Lieutenant, I will give you your liberty; and if you find, on your return, any of my men prisoners, I shall count on your doing what you can for their release!"

"To which I pledge my honor! Adios, Senor Comandante!" and making a military salute with his unwounded arm, he quickly disappeared in the direction of Palo Alto.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RANCHO.

It had been my first intention to spend the night where we were, and observe the movements of the enemy on the morrow, under the supposition that the presence of so many troops near the hacienda might be connected with some design of Don Ramon; but this suspicion being so clearly confirmed by the disclosure of the captive officer, I thought it best to hasten back to Soto la Marina, and report the facts and my conjectures to General Mina.

Accordingly, as soon as I thought the released prisoner beyond hearing, I ordered the men into their saddles, and set off for head-quarters, which we reached about an hour after sunrise. Much to my regret, I now found the General absent; nor did he return till near night, when I immediately made known to him everything that had occurred. He was much incensed at the duplicity of Don Ramon, upon whose willing assistance he had confidently counted; but with his accustomed energy and determination, he at once resolved to make him as good as his word.

"He said I was at liberty to seize all I had named, did he?"

"Words to that effect, your Excellency."

"And that he was secretly well disposed to the cause of the Patriots?"

"Even so, your Excellency."

"And at that very moment he had a Royalist General beneath his roof, and knew that the Royal troops had marched to the vicinity for the purpose of escorting him beyond my reach?"

"If the captive officer informed me truly, General."

"I believe him, Laurens—I believe him! But Don Ramon shall rue this! How are your men, Lieutenant? Are they in condition for another night-march? How is it with yourself?"

"I am good for another twenty-four hours, General—and I think I can answer as much for my gallant comrades—but our horses are fatigued."

"We will change the horses—it is the men I want—for most of the cavalry are off in detachments, scouring the country. But you are tired and need rest—it cannot be otherwise after having been in the saddle all day and night. Go to your quarters, and sleep, and tell your gallant fellows to do the same. I shall not want you before ten or eleven o'clock to-night. All will then be ready, and I will march with you. I will send off Colonel Perry with a detachment of infantry in advance; we can overtake him! Don Ramon must be surprised at this rancho as soon as possible! I regret not being here when you first returned. If you could have captured La Garza and Staff! But no matter! You did well under the circumstances, and I have no fault to find. There, go to your quarters, and more anon. Adios!"

At eleven o'clock that night we were on the march, with a native of the province for our guide. As we rode along, the General, who took command of the troops in person, made a number of inquiries concerning Romanillo, alias Don Pedro.

"I thought it strange," he said, in the course of conversation, "that a man of his quality—or at least the quality he represented himself to be—should take the trouble to ride to our camp, with the intelligence he brought, and be so anxious for the capture of the Royalist officers, and yet have no motive beyond a desire to serve us; and this, and his looks together, excited my suspicions; and you remember I cautioned you to watch him closely. Well, I only hope he is Romanillo—for in that case he is as much an enemy to La Garza as myself, and I feared he might be a spy."

We pushed forward, at a good round trot, and about daylight overtook the infantry, eighty in number, under Colonel Perry, and within three leagues of the rancho. A halt of an hour was ordered, for rest and refreshment, and then the march was resumed. A little further on we came to where the road forked; and here Mina gave Perry orders to proceed direct with the infantry, and boldly attack the enemy, while he with cavalry, by a roundabout course, should come upon their rear, and thus create the impression in their minds that they were surrounded by a large body—an impression which would be almost certain to insure us an easy victory.

By the course we took, we were something more than two hours in reaching the rancho; and when at last, hoping to take the place by surprise, we charged into it with wild shouts, we found to our chagrin that echo alone gave answer to our war-cry. If Don Ramon had been here, escorted by the troops of La Garza, he had doubtless got news of our approach and fled, and the inhabitants with him. At least one thing was certain—not a soul was now here save ourselves—though the fires, burning in some of the huts of the peasants, with culinary utensils scattered around, gave evidence of some very recent desertions.

But where was Colonel Perry with the infantry? Surely he had had time to come up, though nothing was to be seen of him in any direction.

"Take a couple of men, Lieutenant, and ride down the road yonder till you meet him, and bid him hasten forward!" said Mina to me.

I obeyed the order, so far as to ride down the road, but I did not meet Colonel Perry. I pushed on till I came to the fork of the road, where we had parted from him; and then I thought it likely he had passed the rancho in pursuit of the enemy before we reached it. Under this impression I rode back with what speed the heat of the day would permit—for though the sun was scarcely half-way to meridian, the heat was so intense that the animal I bestrode fairly foamed and panted.

The country over which my route lay, was nearly level, partly wooded and partly covered with low bushes, but without any sign of cultivation till we came upon the fields in the immediate vicinity of the rancho. The road, over which wheels had recently passed, appeared to have been seldom used for vehicles of this kind. It was gullied at every slope, and was here and there marked by crosses and piles of stones—the crosses proclaiming so many murders, and the stones so many prayers for the rest of the souls of the victims; for it is the custom of the country for each passer-by to throw a stone at the foot of each cross, and say a prayer as he does so for the benefit of the murdered; and the number of stones which thus accumulate, becomes the record of the number of prayers said by the living for the dead. It is seldom pleasant for a lonely traveller to pass along a road where these crosses are numerous—for he does not know what moment a new one may be needed to mark the place of his own bloody exit from time to eternity—and they seem to say that crime is mightier than law; but I was a soldier, carrying my life as it were in my hand, had two brave companions with me, and did not permit any gloomy reflections or fearful apprehensions to trouble me.

On again reaching the rancho, which we did without meeting or seeing any one from the time of leaving it, I was greatly surprised that General Mina had departed with the rest of the detachment.

"Surely," said I, "he must have left some one behind, to give us information of his whereabouts!"

"Well, it looks as if he hadn't," answered one of my two companions.

The speaker was a large, full-faced, weather-tanned, double-jointed Kentuckian, who had enlisted at Baltimore "for the fun of the thing," and who gloried in the appellation of Fighting Ben. He had volunteered to accompany me the moment he heard Mina order me to take two men and ride back in search of Perry, and I had accepted his offer with pleasure; for besides being a man of Herculean strength and unquestioned bravery—qualifications which no officer dislikes in his men—I had won his regard by doing him one or two acts of kindness while he had lain sick with the fever, and I knew he would be true to me let what would happen.

My other companion I only knew as the friend of Fighting Ben. He was small in stature, with rather an intellectual, sober face—clear, cold, penetrating gray eyes—and had an uncongenial, taciturn disposition. Yet there was a mysterious link between the two men; and wherever you saw Fighting Ben Hardy, you might look to find Ralph Hawkins as his shadow; and if the former really feared and stood in awe of any human being, it was the latter—though they always appeared to be friends who never crossed each other with an unpleasant word. Hawkins was evidently a man of education, ability, and experience. He seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, and at least ten the senior of Ben. One day, being struck with his appearance and a certain remark he made, Mina offered him a commission; but with characteristic brevity he declined it, saying his only ambition was to keep at the side of his friend, and from his side he had never been parted any length of time to my knowledge.

"It is very strange where the General can have gone to so suddenly!" pursued I.

"Mayhap you forgit, Leftenant, we've been away three hours!" suggested Ben.

"But he knew we were to return, and should have left some sign indicating his course, so that we could follow him."

"Maybe he's just scouting round, and is coming back himself soon: eh! Ralph?" said Ben, appealing to his companion.

Hawkins nodded his head, and gave a grunt of assent.

"Well," said I, "if we are to wait for him, we may as well do so under cover. Let us enter this rancho, and make ourselves at home—that is, provided we can get into it."

We rode up to the gate, which was slightly ajar, and, pushing it open, entered the *patio*, where we found evidence of the inmates having departed in haste. Closing the gate, and fastening it on the inside, we at once felt the security of being in a fortified dwelling, and knew we could not be taken by surprise. Our next movement was to visit the stables, where we found some hay and grain, which we took the liberty to place before our jaded animals.

The term *rancho*, as I use it, signifies both the dwelling of a large-landed proprietor, and the surrounding huts of his peons, or slaves; and though one rancho may differ from another in size and beauty, as one farm-house and outbuildings differ from those of a neighbor in our own country, yet in all essential particulars they are the same. The main building or dwelling of the proprietor presents to the eye four blank walls, generally made of *adobes*, or mud-bricks, which cement by their own natural cohesion, and become in time like solid rock. The roofs are all flat, and generally surrounded by a parapet, breast-high, sometimes loop-holed, and with turrets at the four corners. A large gate opens into a square court in the centre of these four walls, and upon this court all the buildings front—dwelling, stables, granaries, and so forth. In fact, the only difference between a rancho and a hacienda, which I have already described, consists in this—that the latter has generally more style about it—more a look of wealth and refinement—and has a church or chapel upon the plantation, with a curate attached; while the former has neither, but depends for its spiritual aid upon its more aristocratic neighbor, or upon an adjoining *pueblo*.

Having stabled and fed our horses, we next set out on a voyage of discovery round the rancho. First we visited the kitchen, where we found a few cold *tortillas*, and a large dish of *frijoles*, to which we helped ourselves. Next we proceeded to the main *sala*, and thence through different rooms; but we discovered only little furniture, a few badly-done engravings of saints, everywhere signs of hasty departure, and not a living soul besides ourselves.

Having visited the different apartments, and satisfied ourselves that we were the only tenants of a deserted dwelling, we next ascended to the *azotea*, or roof, and took a survey of the scene around us. The day was intensely hot, and the air clear and dry, with scarcely breeze enough to rustle the crisping leaves of the beautiful palm, cactus, acacia, mangney, olive, orange, fig, lemon, and other trees and plants of kindred nature which grew in profusion around us, and around the grass-covered, sown, and planted fields of the rancho.

We did not long remain upon the *azotea*—for the heat of the sun, as I have said, was very great. Descending to the inner court, we took seats under a sort of veranda, and resolved to await the return of the General, not doubting that he would soon reappear with the detachment, or at least send us a message. For some half-an-hour or so we sat and conversed on different matters; and then, as the conversation flagged, we gradually began to yield to an irresistible drowsiness.

"This here's sleepy business, Leftenant," at length said Fighting Ben, partly rousing himself with a yawn; "and while I've nothing better to do, I reckon I'll camp down and take a nap, for I haint done much to that lately."

He got off his seat, as he spoke, and stretched himself at full length upon the earthen floor; and Hawkins, after looking at him stupidly for perhaps a minute, quietly imitated his example, leaving me as a sort of guard.

At first I felt very much inclined to do like the others—for during the last forty-eight hours I had been one day and two nights in the saddle, and had only slept about six hours; but bethinking me it would be a very unsoldier-like proceeding for no one to keep on duty in a strange place, I got up and commenced walking to and fro. After a little I sat down again, and, judging from the deep, sonorous respiration of my companions that both were asleep, I fell to musing upon man, and the strange compound of his animal and spiritual nature, with some comparisons between him and the beasts without reason; but as my reflections, on the whole, were not particularly flattering to the *genus homo*, I will not record them.

While I thus sat musing, my elbow upon my knee and my head upon my hands, my eyes crossed an angle of the *patio*, and rested upon a broad, flat stone, which was evenly set in the ground, just inside of an open door. There was nothing peculiar about the stone, save the fact of its being sunk to the exact level of the earth in a place where no step could ever have been needed; and I might have never known I had looked upon it at all, but for the singular incident I am now going to relate.

As I sat thus, then, with my eyes fixed vacantly upon the stone, thinking of anything but the object itself, I all at once became conscious that it moved. Slowly, silently, almost imperceptibly, one side rose above the level ground, disclosing the shadowy outline of two hands, which were steadily, carefully, and noiselessly pushing it upward. I was somewhat startled, as I naturally might be, at beholding an apparition of this kind in a place which I had supposed tenanted only by my companions and myself; but I flatter myself I did not fail to act in a manner becoming myself and the circumstances. That there was somebody under the stone was certain; that I had not been seen was a reasonable supposition; and starting up quickly, but noiselessly, I stealthily retreated to an angle where I could not be discovered through the open door from the position of the stone. Here, drawing my sword and a small side pistol, I waited till I thought the apparition had probably raised its head for a survey of the scene; and then, with my sword in my right hand and the pistol cocked in my left, I darted quickly forward to the door, suddenly presented myself before it, and exclaimed in Spanish:

"Surrender, or die!"

"Holy Virgin, save me!" was the answering cry.

For a moment or two I was bewildered, and could hardly credit my senses. The voice, though agitated by terror, was one of the sweetest melody, and the speaker a beautiful girl of some seventeen or eighteen summers. As she stood in the cavity, with the upper portion of her figure only revealed—her dark, luxuriant hair sweeping down in negligent profusion around her soft, Spanish features, neck and bust—her hands clasped in an attitude of supplication—her soft, lustrous, dark eyes upturned pleadingly to mine—I thought I had never beheld a picture so beautifully, touchingly fascinating.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of *freight*.

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The cable seems to be a success—transmitting messages at the rate of twelve words a minute. The first day's receipts are said to have been over $3,000. At the rate of an hundred dollars in gold for any message not exceeding twenty words from any office in America to any in Great Britain—and a dollar for every *letter* more than that—the cable ought to pay splendid dividends. For a small additional charge a message is sent anywhere in Europe, Asia, or Africa.

We give this week an interesting engraving of the route of the cable, &c.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The war is over. Prussian foresight, energy, and the needle gun have been too much for Austria. The King of Prussia is to be, it is said, Emperor Wilhelm of Germany. Italy is to have Venetia and three of the four fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Prussia looms up as one of the chief powers of Europe—and a formidable rival to France. Austria sinks into comparative insignificance. Such are the changes of a few months. Every civilized state will in a short time have its forces armed with breech-loaders.

THE CHOLERA.

We are having a few serious cases in this city—and a general tendency to diarrhœa and dysentery. On the 24, for instance, there were four cases and one death of regular cholera.

In New York, since the disease appeared in May, there have been 87 deaths.

The disease seems to be spreading upon some of the islands in New York harbor, devoted to prison, almshouse and other public purposes. On Blackwell's Island since July 22d there have been 30 cases and 21 deaths. On Ward's Island, during the last three days of July, there were 62 cases and 26 deaths. On Governor's Island, 7 cases and 9 deaths occurred on Wednesday, and on the same day there were 9 cases and 2 deaths on Randall's Island.

☞ The return of gold watches to the Internal Revenue Office for the past year, which is supposed to be nearly accurate, shows that 270,530 of these objects of ornament and utility are worn by the inhabitants of the United States. It is probable that there are at least 400,000 gold watches in use in the United States, a larger number in proportion to the population, we venture to say, than in any other country in the world.

South American

WRITTEN FOR THE SATUR

BY COS

CHILEAN WHEAT REGION
MARKETS—PLOUGHS—PL
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Civilization.

DAY EVENING POST,
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these mounted sowers are wonderfully expert, pitching their handsful of grain with admirable precision, and I think I have never seen a North American wheat field more evenly sown.

In covering the grain—I have seen it done in the same manner in two or three other corners of the world—once in Canada, and several times in our Union Empire States, in all instances a long time before I saw the same thing in Chile, and I have no idea with whom the practice originated. Quite as primitive as the plough, in the Chilean, or Canada, or perhaps York state harrow—simply a thick-growing bush, with the limbs lopped down flat, spreading out fifteen feet perhaps, and drawn over the ground by the butt. It covered very well, and took a far greater breadth at once than any patent harrow I ever saw.

They are beginning to get Yankee implements, even to reapers and threshing machines into their wheat fields within the past few years, and if the Chilenos will only cure themselves of their silly custom of getting up revolutions and making presidents every few months, they would in a few years have many model farms and farmers, and their magnificent Pacific Slope would stand unrivalled as a wheat producing region.

I am by no means certain that our Bohemian party was the first company to introduce Yankee novelties, in the shape of improved harvesting implements, into Chile, but I am confident that our exhibition created quite as great a wonder among two or three hundred *peons* and half as many Chilene Dons and bright-eyed Senoras, as the Japanese Embassy did among our North American lion makers.

Don Justinian Hinto Ildefonso Illamana, said to be the wealthiest individual in Chile, proprietor of a superb estate nine leagues square, lying mostly in the magnificent and fertile valley of the Chuchuquira, sixty leagues, I believe, northeastwardly from Valparaiso, had got out from New York the machinery for a flouring mill of five run of burrs, and with it millwrights and millers, and masons, and carpenters, some twenty mechanics, to build his mill, put into it the machinery, and the millers to run it after its completion.

Don Justinian had intercepted us in passing through his domain, and laid us all under an imperative interdiction. We should abide with him three months, if we would—not an hour less than three weeks; and there we were as willing captives as ever were captured, with the freedom of an estate that had nothing like it in Chile, ornamental grounds that realized our ideas of Eden, a home that was almost a palace in its luxuriant appointments, and made most welcome by Don Justinian's household, composed of his wife, Dona Zorilda, a charming angel woman though in her sixty-second year, five glorious, lovely daughters, and the same number of brave, handsome, gentlemanly sons, making in all such a family as we had never seen before. Five brothers and five sisters, the youngest, Dona Dionita, in her fifteenth year, all unmarried, all dwelling under the same roof in loving harmony; and then such a father and mother—refined, educated, and all that was genial, good and noble. It was a sample of South American Civilization such as we had never seen before.

When we had been three days, perhaps, the guests of Don Justinian, O'Harra and Cator, in poking about among the mill machinery, came upon a box containing a dozen grass scythes, which by somebody's mistake had been shipped to Chile along with the iron gearing. Cator had a project in his head directly, and within an hour every man of our party were accomplices, as were also the millwrights and carpenters, and all were bound to the closest secrecy.

The carpenters and millwrights were unemployed, waiting for the masons, so there were plenty of mechanics, time and materials, and in the course of a week there was turned out complete a dozen very creditable grain cradles, and the same number of hand rakes, all of which were kept close from observation.

From among the combined companies there were found a dozen men who would undertake to swing the cradles, and a like number that volunteered to rake and bind. None of us were experts with the instruments, but then there would be no one to criticize, and so when all was ready we invited Don Justinian and his household to accompany us to a five hundred acre wheat field, ripe and ready for the sickle, in which were already two hundred peons, male and female, slashing the grain by handfuls with knives. Don Justinian, his family, and numerous friends of both sexes went with us, wondering all the way what we were going to do.

But when they saw the twelve brawny cradlers swing into the grain with a simultaneous crash, such devilish things as they had never heard of, slashing broad breadths and laying the shorn grain in fair, even swaths, and we twelve rakers, humping and kinking, gathering and binding, tossing sheaves back over our shoulders, and following our leaders as fast as we could—the witchcraft was absolutely too much for them, and they fled at first as though we had been something infernal. But being reassured by such of our party as were not engaged, and the affair explained to them, they soon began to follow us up, and after a little while, when they quite comprehended the whole mystery, there were such antics among the peons, and such bravos and vivas, and shouts and boisterous hilarity as I think no wheat field was ever before the theatre of.

After having convinced everybody that our way of harvesting was the superior one, a sufficient number of peons were carefully educated to the cradles and rakes, and the field being finally harvested, Don Justinian gave a grand *fete* in honor of the new implements and those who made and introduced them. There were three days of holiday for all the peons, and three days of carnival at the princely mansion, and it is probable that no such harvest home was ever held elsewhere in this world.

☞ Banting's work on corpulence, telling how Banting worked off his corpulence, has been done into French, and all the fat women in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells of this dialogue which he says he overheard at a ball: "Have you seen Madame G———? Since she has embraced M. Banting's religion she has diminished at least one half." "Then she must be charming," said Mlle. ———, with naivete. "Not at all. She looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

☞ "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Nevertheless, in a conflict with a highwayman a ten-barrelled revolver makes the result rather more certain.

Drunkenness Among Women.

[The New York "Round Table" gives the following picture of intemperance among the women of New York. We think, however, it must be greatly exaggerated:—]

Years ago every house had its sideboard covered with liquors, of which all who entered were invited to partake. Not to offer and not to accept the social glass would have been deemed equally inhospitable. The temperance excitement, caused by the Washingtonians, although it did not accomplish all that its originators expected, certainly did banish the liquors from many sideboards, and for a while it was quite fashionable not to drink. The Maine law discussion succeeded the Washingtonian furor and also failed in its extreme objects, but greatly assisted the temperance cause. The hard-drinking times passed away. A glass or two of wine at dinner was the extent of fashionable drinking. Of course, upon certain festival occasions this limit was exceeded; but within a few years it has been considered unfashionable to drink deeply, even on New Year's Day, and the remark, "I never touch wine before dinner," was the proper formula for a gentleman during his round of calls.

We regret to say that the reform thus happily inaugurated has been recently interrupted, and by the very persons who are most interested in having it progress. Drinking is again becoming fashionable, and the ladies are responsible for this retrogression. Two weeks ago we had occasion to notice the prevalence of drinking among ladies at our fashionable watering-places; but it is not alone at the watering-places that the ladies thus indulge. At their own homes, at the stores, and at those public nuisances called ladies' restaurants, they are accustomed to drink liquors. The sight of a tipsy or intoxicated woman is not uncommon at the seaside, and it is by no means extraordinary upon Broadway. We have the best authority for stating that some of the most elegant ladies of our leading cities will pass this summer not at Saratoga or Newport, as usual, but at an asylum for inebriates. And we assert, upon the same authority, that the vice of fashionable drinking is now more prevalent among the ladies than among the gentlemen of this country.

In support of these statements instances of the most distressing character have been brought to our notice. Some women trace their degradation to a natural appetite for spirits, and others to a habit formed during a long illness, when they were ordered to drink liquors as a tonic. Once developed, the taste seems less controllable in women than in men. The ladies drink in secret. They have private bottles hidden about the house, in spite of the vigilance of doctors, nurses, husbands and fathers. Certain dressmakers make it a point to furnish their customers with drink, and some of the most fashionable *maisons des modes* are, in fact, fashionable drinking houses. In some stores bottles of wine are also kept on hand for lady shoppers, and in others the merchants allow their boys to be sent to the nearest bar-room for liquor when ladies desire it. At the so-called ladies' restaurants all sorts of fancy drinks are as freely ordered by and supplied to women as creams and ices used to be, and anybody who will take the trouble to visit one of these resorts may see well-dressed, fashionable ladies enter unattended, and call for liquors at all hours of the day.

These are startling facts; but there are others still more surprising and equally true. Our fashionable female drinkers do not care so much for wines and claret punches and sherry cobblers. They can obtain such beverages at dinner or at evening parties, and when left to themselves they prefer stronger spirits. Whiskey and brandy are the favorite drinks with these ladies. It may be true that a woman is very far gone upon the downward road when she can order and drink such stimulants in a public saloon; but still hundreds of women in our best society do this every day. Some of the saloons which they frequent do not have the stronger liquors upon the bill of fare, but a neat little sign which reads, "If you do not see what you want, ask for it," gives the hint to the initiated. In dressmakers' bills the significant item "small trimmings" often covers up the expense of liquors which the lady has ordered through the *modiste*, who panders to her vitiated taste. At the watering-places a bribe to the waiter procures a secret supply of liquor, which, by the connivance of the landlord, is charged as "extra luncheons." Thus the poor infatuated women find no difficulty in obtaining the means of intoxication, and often the man of business, engrossed with his cares and thoughtlessly unsuspicious of the serpent that has crept into his Eden, discovers to his horror that his wife or daughter has become a confirmed drunkard, and that all his efforts to reform her are utterly useless.

If we could unroof the houses of this and other neighboring cities, we would exhibit to the reader instances of female intoxication that make angels weep. Mothers of families are breaking the hearts of their husbands and daughters by this vice. Girls of eighteen, the daughters of our most respectable merchants, have been seen grossly intoxicated in Broadway stages and upon the public streets. Many a home, apparently most elegant and attractive, is rendered a perfect pandemonium by one of the lady inmates through this weakness. Two belles at fashionable watering-places, this summer, who sit upon the piazzas late at night and think it very amusing to be made "funny" by drinking with gentlemen, little know the fate that is in store for them. From cases which have come to our knowledge we learn that no superiority of intellect or of social position is sufficient to guard a lady against this vice. The loving remonstrances of relatives, the best prescriptions of physicians, the prayers and advice of pastors, the agonies of remorse, and the strictest resolutions of reform are ineffectual to overcome an appetite that grows by what it feeds upon. The artificial life of most American women and the exhaustion that follows their reckless disregard of the rules of health create the necessity for stimulants, and when the habit of indulgence is once formed the inebriate asylum seems to be the only permanent remedy.

☞ During a heavy thunder-storm in St. Louis, Angela Arata, while lying on a feather-bed, entirely insulated from all other material substance, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

☞ The St. Louis Democrat says that "while other cities are supplying themselves with pure water, the people of St. Louis are gulping down such quantities of mud that half of them are corpulent with sand bars in their stomachs."

THE SUCCESSFUL

ITS TRACK THROUGH THE OCE

We present above an interesting map of the position of the Atlantic Cable, now successfully laid. Across the broad vista of the ocean that divides Europe from America, our artist has sketched the tracks of the ocean steamers, the course pursued by the U. S. steamer *Arctic* in sounding, and mapping, as it were, the flow of the mighty ocean, and the position occupied by the cable. The shore termini are likewise given, together with the adjacent territories. A vast network of inland telegraph wires will at once radiate from Heart's Content to Valentia Bay, over the states and kingdoms adjoining them.

But most interesting and important of all, will be found the profile of the Atlantic Ocean, as faithfully sketched by the soundings of the *Arctic* in 1858. This scale of figures at the bottom of our map exhibits the various depths in fathoms of the ocean, and the undulations of its bottom, on which rests now binds together the

The following interch tween President Johns was flashed through the

Message from

Agry Bay, July 30.— the Newfoundland line this morning, with the the Queen of Great Brit

Advertising for a Wife.

THE SPECIAL MAIL AGENT'S STORY.

It is now some two or three weeks since a young gentleman entered the office of a special agent of the Post-Office Department in one of our large cities, and announced that he had a serious case of mail depredations to report, which he would like to have investigated immediately. Being requested to give the particulars of the matter, he produced from his pocket a letter addressed to himself, and post-marked with the name of a small town in the State of Pennsylvania. The envelope bore unmistakable evidence of having been opened and resealed, and the address was in a lady's handwriting.

"There, sir," said he, carefully removing the letter, and handing the envelope to the agent for inspection, "that 'ere letter's been robbed by some post-office thief of twenty-six dollars. Now I want you to catch him and put the screws to him—give him ten years at least. I don't care for the loss of the money" (it is singular, by-the-way, how sublimely indifferent to pecuniary considerations most people are who prefer these complaints), "but I'd like to see the rascal caught."

Now the agent having had considerable previous experience in the investigation of cases of "rifling" was quite sensible that a very necessary preliminary to such investigations was a thorough knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the affair, and after attentively examing the envelope, which was liberally bedaubed with mucilage, he observed:

"Well, sir, I will take a memorandum of your statement, and if it prove to be a 'post-office thief,' as you say—"

"If it does, sir! Why, who else can it be? Isn't the envelope to speak for itself—hasn't it evidently been torn open and gummed up again? Of course it is a post-office thief—any one can see that."

"Probably, sir, but I don't see it just yet. Be good enough to let me know the name of the writer of this letter?"

The young man hesitated, and at once his manner became confused and nervous.

"I'd rather not, if it's all the same, sir; it's a young lady, and there are peculiar circumstances about the case—and—in short, I don't want her name mixed up with it."

"But it will be absolutely necessary, in order to make a proper investigation, that I should know her name. Without it, I cannot undertake to do anything in the matter."

The gentleman still sought for some time to avoid giving the name of his fair friend, but at last announced it as Miss Emily Melville. Other questions followed, as to the circumstances which led to the enclosure of the money, etc., to which the complainant answered in an evasive, shuffling way—evidently trying to conceal something of which he was secretly ashamed. Perceiving that the investigation was likely to make but slow progress while conducted in this fashion, the agent observed:

"My friend, my time is too precious to waste in drawing information from you with a corkscrew, and you may as well make up your mind either to give me a clear and unreserved account of this transaction or to go elsewhere with your grievance. Now, please tell me why Miss Melville sent you (or tried to send you) this money?"

"To pay for some broadcloth for a cloak."

"Which you were to purchase for her?"

"Yes—that is, which I had purchased for her."

"Oh, I see—the young lady was probably here visiting, and being temporarily out of funds, your gallantry forced her to accept a loan—eh?"

"Well, no, not exactly. The fact is, I sent the goods to her by express, at her own request."

"And of course, being an old friend—"

"No, not an old friend, precisely."

"A relative, then?"

"No."

"Ah, I see, something nearer and dearer?"

"Well, yes," said the youth with a simper, and nervously swinging his hat by the rim as he gazed modestly on the floor, "we're lov—engaged, I mean."

"Perhaps she has forgot to enclose the money."

"No, sir—I've had a letter from her since, and she swears—I mean she's certain—she put the money in."

"Perhaps, then," said the agent, striving to express his suggestion in the least offensive way, "perhaps she omitted to enclose it."

"Sir," exclaimed the fond lover, roused by this insinuation, "what do you mean? There is no doubt whatever, sir, that she sent the money. I would stake my life on her honor."

"Oh, very well, sir, excuse me—no offence intended, I'm sure. But, you know, I have not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance. By-the-way, how long have you known her—a long time, I presume?"

The young gentleman's embarrassment was visibly increased as he replied, "About six months."

"Met her in Pennsylvania, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is, no—I can't say I did."

"Where did you meet her?"

"Why, I can't say exactly—don't know as I have met her at all, to tell the truth."

"Telling the truth seems to be a work of time with you," remarked the agent dryly. "Now if you will be good enough to give me light about what you know of this young lady whom you propose to marry, and upon whose honor you are willing to stake your life, perhaps there may be some prospect of getting at the facts of this mysterious robbery, otherwise you need waste no more time in this neighborhood."

"Well, if you must have it, here it is: You see about six months ago, I (just for fun you know) advertised for a wife, and this young lady happened to advertise for a husband about the same time, and we answered each other's advertisements. But then she was earnest—all on the square. Oh, yes," continued he, observing perhaps an incredulous smile on the countenance of the agent, "she was all right—wanted a husband—wanted one bad. She was situated in this way: she hadn't got no father or mother, and was under the charge of a guardian, an old fellow about fifty, and she's worth about twenty thousand dollars [here his eyes glistened covetously] in her own right; this guardian he takes and puts her into a boarding-school, and intends to force her into marrying him. She'd rather have some young fellow, of course; natural, isn't it? and so she takes and advertises for a husband. So, as I was saying, I answered her advertisement, and she replied to my letter, and so we got up a correspondence. Now, there ain't no humbug about her; I can tell when a girl is in earnest. I know she's all right the way she writes. So about two weeks ago she says in a postscript to one of her letters: 'I wish you would go to Stewart's and get me five yards of broadcloth, and send it to me by express. I want it for a cloak, and I will send you the money just as soon as it comes, and don't fail to let me know just how much it is, for I do not wish you to be at any expense for me.' So I went to Stewart's and got the cloth, and sent it by express, and wrote to her and told her it was twenty-six dollars, and then she put the money into this letter, and some darned thief in a post-office has gone and stole it; that's all there is about it."

"Oh, that's all!" said the agent, with difficulty restraining the laughter which this pitiful tale of love was calculated to provoke. "Well, sir, there's no doubt that you are a very much abused individual, and if you will call again in about a fortnight, I think I will be able to give you some definite information in regard to the matter."

"Thank you, sir; only put that post-office thief in state prison, and I'll be satisfied. I don't care about the money—that is, I don't care so much about it; but if I could get it back—"

"I shall do everything possible, sir. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Punctual at the expiration of the fortnight, the victim of the heartless "post-office robbery" presented himself to hear the result of the investigation. The agent, by writing one or two letters, and availing himself of certain other means at his command, had in the meantime entirely satisfied himself as to the author of the "outrage," and was quite prepared for the visit.

"Good morning. H stole my money?"

"Yes, sir, I think I h

"I am glad to hear it back?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, I suppose he' time."

"Not as I know of; that he may reach that days. Here's a letter plain the matter better it a few days since from

The young man recog ly's handwriting, and h lowing.

———, Pe

Mr. ———, P. O. Ag you have been making s $26 I sent (in a horn) you may tell him for me invested in a first-class You may also tell him t ing-school as much as belong any more to the think he does. You mi are about it, that when I send him half of it—in the other. Also tell him

Yours, truly,

There was a deep silen of this epistle in the of had considerately turned happy victim was learni tion and cash. The tele that the agent at length little consolation was in spared the task. The ho noiselessly departed—pos train for Pennsylvania, solitude over the comp "love at first sight" Wherever he went he ha

A Model Railroad.— correspondent of the Pi that paper from Richm scribes the medium of tr

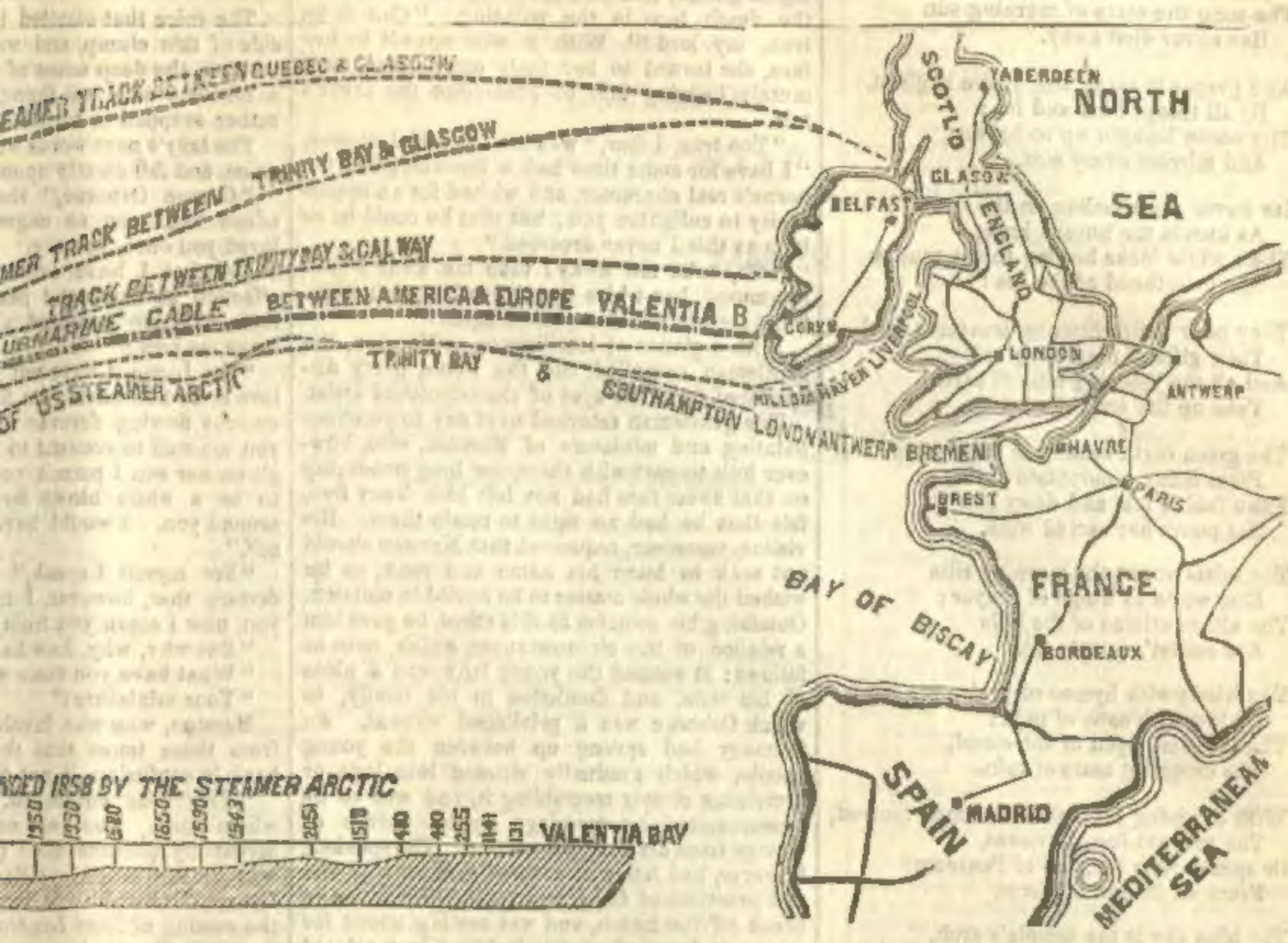
"We came by way of Alexandria Railroad, and who are tired of life a through, try this line. in the evening, and, as a rive in Heaven or Richm train is provided with a s putating table and other it has some of the finest see. Hospitals are estab route, and, in case of a strangers are immediate rangements are so per sure on this road, that their limbs amputated fore starting, to avoid de

Drops of Medicine.— Edinburgh Journal advan tion to measuring out me says that, if one drops much larger than if drop vals between them. "A sters one hundred drops of three per second may as one who measures the of one drop in two sec nurse, if she is a quick, minister thirty drops to It becomes people to b mind, and be careful abo indeed, the administrati mily should not be car skillful hands. Nobody give a single drop of any out the supervision of its

☞ A Paris banker to Prince Demidoff, who tion from dropping, said ful breastpin." The b was proud of his breast very rare stone." Pri "Very rare and very imagine the trouble I ha pieces at St. Petersburg it." The banker turne dying dolphin.

ATLANTIC CABLE.

EAN AND ITS SHORE TERMINI.



the slender wire that two hemispheres.
change of greetings be- on and Queen Victoria ocean:—

Queen Victoria.

—The superintendent of arrived here at 9 o'clock following message from ain to Andrew Johnson,

President of the United States: Osborne, July 27, 1866.—To the President of the United States, Washington, D. C.—The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England.

Reply of President Johnson.

Executive Mansion, Washington, July 30, 11:30, A. M.—To Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. —The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of Her Majesty's despatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Western and Eastern hemispheres may serve to strengthen and to perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States.

Andrew Johnson.

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ave you found out who

are."

Did you get any of it

to state prison by this

but it is not impossible institution one of these which will perhaps ex- than I can. I received Pennsylvania.

gnized at once his Emi- astened to read the fol-

enna., Jan. 10, 186—.

gent: Dear Sir—I find me inquiries about that to George X. Well, that that broadcloth is "shanghai" overcoat. hat I don't go to board- I did; also that I don't "soft sex," though I ight mention, while you get that $20,000 I will the same way as I sent "Ever of Thee."

Emily Melville,

(Or any other man.)

ce during the reading fice of the agent, who his back while the un- ng of his wasted affec- nce continued so long turned to offer what his power. But he was speless young man had salbly to take the first possibly to meditate in parative advantages of and love before sight. s not returned.

"Crocus," the facetious thole Record, writes to ond, Va., and thus de- nsportation:

the Orange, Lemon and I would say to persons nd in a hurry to get You leave Washington general thing, will ar- ond the next day. Each urgeon, undertaker, am- luxuries; besides these, coffins I ever expect to olished along the entire coident, the bodies of ly embalmed. The ar- fect, and accidents so many persons have and get embalmed be- lay while on the car."

A writer in Chambers's oses a new idea in rela- dicines by drops. He rapidly, the drops are ped with longer inter- a druggist who admini- of a liquid at the rate give half as much again succession at the rate conds." How easy for bustling woman, to ad- baby instead of twenty. bear this suggestion in nt giving extra doses. on of medicine in a fa- elessly intrusted to un- should be allowed to thing to a child with- parents.

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was recently presented , to prevent conversa- : "You have a beauti- anker delighted, for he pin, said: "Yes, it is a ce Demidoff replied: expensive. You can't d to get my chimney , for they are made of d as many colors as a

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The armistice between Prussia and Austria expired on the 17th, but there was every probability of its renewal. Previous to the armistice the Italians had been very successful on the South Tyrol. The Italians and Austrians, on the 25th, agreed to a suspension of hostilities for eight days. The Prussians were successful in an engagement before Presburg, but the fighting was stopped by a notice of the armistice. Borgos and Lovica were both taken by assault by the Italians on the 23rd. The Austrian losses were heavy.

LATER BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

London, Aug. 3.—The Peace Conference is to be held at Prague. The preliminaries thereto as agreed upon are as follows:—Austria is to withdraw from the German Confederation, and is to lose Venetia and her part of Sobleswig-Holstein. Austria is also to pay $10,000,000 to her adversaries as the expenses of the war.

The German States north of the Main are to form a union under the guidance of Prussia, and those south of the Main, are to form an independent union.

Cause of Anti-Rentism.

The anti-rent troubles are traced to the misplaced and unwise lenity of the late General Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, whose large tracts of land west of Albany, in the now anti-rent districts, were divided into farms, and leased to the farmers at very low rents. A correspondent thus writes:

"The farmers came to time every year with long faces about poor crops, and asked him to wait till next year for the rent. Mr. Van Rensselaer was liberal and kind, and let the rent remain unpaid. The next year, and for many years, the story was just the same, and the patroon very imprudently consented to let the debt go on accumulating. He should have either made them pay as their rents came due (like John Jacob Astor,) or he should have given them the debt. But he did neither, and at his death, in January, 1839, he left all these unpaid rents, as so much good property to his children, and when the farmers were called upon to pay their back rents of ten, fifteen or twenty years' standing, they said at once: 'Your father did not require us to pay rent, and we will not pay you.' Hence, it is seen that the misplaced lenity of Mr. Van Rensselaer is the cause of all the anti-rent troubles in Albany county, the last twenty years."

☞ In Fredonia, New York, the Health Board, in order to stir the people to action with regard to cleaning up, have posted the following notice: "The cholera is coming! By order of the committee."

☞ Natural Gas in Buffalo.—It is proposed to supply Buffalo with gas by a natural flow from wells sunk at Amherst, 10 miles distant. A well now sunk flows 45,000 feet of gas per day, and five more are proposed, and it is said will adequately supply the city.

☞ There is yet standing, near Oxford street, London, a very old sign of "David Williams, Eye Painter." Antiquarians, after long puzzling over this, have discovered that it refers to a period of society when gentlemen had so many rows and fights that black eyes were common; and the artist found it a sufficient employment to paint such bruises to a flesh color, in order that gentlemen might go into company without remark.

☞ A Washington correspondent of a Western paper was recently severely poisoned by the use of the writing fluid known as French ink. The ink penetrated a scratch on the hand, and soon after produced an extensive swelling of the arm and other symptoms, which his physicians at present consider dangerous.

☞ The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer says that "the signs of the last four or five years point to the permanent drying up of the Mississippi river, reducing it from a stream navigable for the largest boats, the whole season, to one of uncertain navigation, passable at certain seasons; and the rest of the year shrunk to a mere creek, winding along among sand-bars and shoals."

☞ Heart-troubles, in God's husbandry, are not wounds, but the putting in of the spade before the planting of seeds.

Keeping a Lighthouse.

In the recently written life of Booth, the tragedian, there are a number of characteristic anecdotes, some new and all entertaining. We quote the following:

"Among the numerous anecdotes of my father's eccentricities I shall give those only which bear the semblance of probability, and such as have been given me on reliable authority. It is rumored that he frequently expressed a desire 'to retire from public life, and keep a lighthouse.' That he seriously contemplated such a step is shown by a memorandum of his dated February 12:

"'Spoke to Mr. Blount, collector of customs, and one of the passengers, about Cape Hatteras Lighthouse. He offered it to me, with the dwelling-house and twenty acres of land attached, and a salary of $800 per annum, for keeping the light—government providing oil and cotton—a quart of oil per diem. Grapes, water-melons, cabbages, potatoes, carrots and onions grow in abundance there. Rain water, the only drink; a cistern on the premises for that purpose. Abundance of fish and wild-fowl; pigs, cows and horses find good pasture. Soil too light for wheat or corn. Flour bought for four or five dollars per barrel. The office is for life, and only taken away through misbehavior. Lighthouse seventy-five feet high; light requires trimming every night at twelve o'clock. *No taxes whatever.* Fire-wood is procured from the pieces of wreck found on the shoals. One dollar per day is the charge for men who assist in cases of wreck. Strawberries, currant bushes and apple trees should be taken there; also a plough, spades, and a chest of carpenter tools. Pine tables are the best. Mr. Blount is to write me word if the office can be given me in April next, from his seat at Washington, North Carolina.'

"It may be necessary to add that my father did not obtain the situation of 'lighthouse-keeper,' owing, as was eventually disclosed, to the timely interference of theatrical managers, who were loth to suffer the total eclipse of so brilliant a star. Although his disposition was ever humble and retiring, it is singular that in the zenith of his fame, and with such glowing prospects of fortune, he should contemplate a life of hardship and comparative poverty as more desirable to happiness."

The American Monitor "Miantonomah" at Sheerness, England.—The *London Times* of July 17th says:—

"The royal visitors at Sheerness on Saturday, as well as the numerous pleasure parties flocking thither on the same errand, saw a very extraordinary and—we wish we could not feel it—a portentous spectacle. They saw a fabric something between a ship and a diving bell—the Romans would have called it a tortoise—almost invisible, but what there was of it, ugly, at once invulnerable and irresistible, that had crossed the Atlantic safely and was anchored in our waters, with the intention of visiting Russia. Round this fearful invention was moored scores of big ships, not all utter antiquities, but modern, for there were among them steamships, generally screws, and therefore none of them more than twenty years old. These ships form a considerable portion of the navy of this great maritime power, and there was not one of them that the foreigner could not have sent to the bottom in five minutes had his errand not been peaceful. There was not one of these big ships that could have avenged the loss of its companion, or saved itself from immediately sharing its fate. In fact, the wolf was in the fold, and the whole flock was at its mercy."

☞ It is rather a notable circumstance that Catharine Luther, the last descendant of the great Protestant Reformer, has just died in Germany, a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

☞ As is usual under a military monarchy, the Prussian princes receive the credit for tactical skill and successful strategy which is really due to officers whose names are unknown to the general public. Count Von Moltke seems to have been, in fact, the Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, and to have fairly earned a place among the ablest soldiers of the age.

☞ It is an interesting sight to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sun
Has never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of its prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began.
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

THE MINIATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas a studio in Rome. A meanly furnished apartment, yet rich in paintings, plainly the production of a wierd, ripe fancy, aided by a vigorous hand. Through the half-closed windows glided the warm rays of the setting sun like ghosts of the daylight, and brushed with their golden wings the face of a new finished picture, sparing but a single beam for the light locks of the artist who knelt in mute contemplation before it.

The painting, indeed, was well worthy his approval. A group of weeping friends stood around a bed in a room luxuriously warm with all the appliances of wealth. In sad contrast to this luxury, lay livid upon the pillow the white, still face of death. None could ever fancy the return of life to that pulseless brow, or color to those wan cheeks. Death had sealed them too plainly for his own.

All this lay in a dim light, as though the mists of evening were drooping over the scene. Treading the air, directly above the form of the dead maiden, stood a radiant shape. Clad in white, its long drapery seemed to sweep the bed. A face, the counterpart of the dead one beneath, but instinct with life, with flushed, warm cheeks, red lips, and eyes as mild and deep as mist-softened stars. Much, indeed, like the living face of the dead maiden must have been, but those deep eyes seemed imbued with a consciousness of something beyond thrilled with a vision of the Infinite, that marked the angel.

A slight dew of pity for the weeping friends beneath dimmed those radiant orbs that gazed upward in joy, shining through tears, to where, far through the opening ceiling and a long avenue of air, lay the glory of an Eden land.

"How beautiful! Mark how the light aids the intent of the pencil by touching only the face of the spirit and the far Heaven above, while all else lies in shadow."

The artist started to his feet in wonder as those silvery tones met his ear, turning hastily to see who had stolen upon his reverie. The party consisted of two ladies and a gentleman, English apparently, who now apologized for their intrusion, and begged permission to inspect his studio.

The young American, for such he was, gave the desired permission in some confusion, for his eyes had been riveted on the face of the young lady with a stare whose expression of surprise only could apologise for its rudeness. His gentleman visitor observed this with some resentment, but the next instant, struck with a sudden astonishment, exclaimed:

"What miracle is this? I wonder not you stare at that lady's face, for, by Jove, I can't help looking myself to see if it is still in its right place. Look, Laura, I hope it is no omen, but this is yourself reproduced. Here you are dead, and here ascending. See, Mary," turning to the middle-aged lady beside him, "was there ever such a likeness?"

"It is perfect to the very expression," answered she. "Sir, you only need this lady's living face in your picture to have a complete representation of life, death, and resurrection."

Henry Marston, the artist, with deep surprise marked the truth of their words, gazing in undisguised admiration on the lady's face, who herself was wrapped in contemplation of the picture.

"How strange!" she murmured. "It is indeed myself, though flattered into an angel. What inspiration gave the artist my face?"

"Yes," questioned the gentleman, "where did you obtain the original of that picture? for that it is a fancy sketch is simply impossible. I have not faith enough to believe in such a coincidence as that.

"It is the copy of a miniature that fell into my hands," he replied, "of which miniature, as you say, this lady is undoubtedly the original."

"A miniature!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why I never had but one taken, and that is in the hands of George Osborne. He, of all men, would be the last to part with it."

"This miniature," continued the artist, in a grave tone, as if sorry to dispel some apparent heart-dream of the lady, "this miniature passed from the hands of its owner, a young English tourist,—shall I tell the whole truth? It was gambled away, he happening to run short of money. From the winner it passed into my hands."

"My God! can this be?" cried Laura, turning so ghastly and wan that she half resembled the death face in the painting. "Can it be true, my lord?" With a wild appeal in her face, she turned to her male companion, as if mutely begging him to contradict the artist's tale.

"Too true, I fear," was his sorrowful answer. "I have for some time had a knowledge of Osborne's real character, and wished for an opportunity to enlighten you; but that he could be so base as this I never dreamed."

"Oh, take me away! take me away!" she murmured, her white lips quivering with pain. "Let me not see that picture again!"

With a glance of intelligence at Marston, the gentleman complied, and the whole party disappeared from the eyes of the astonished artist.

The gentleman returned next day to purchase painting and miniature of Marston, who, however loth to part with them, for long pondering on that sweet face had not left him fancy free, felt that he had no right to retain them. His visitor, moreover, requested that Marston should not seek to learn his name and rank, as he wished the whole matter to be buried in oblivion. Obtaining his promise to this effect, he gave him a relation of the circumstances, which were as follows: It seemed the young lady was a niece of his wife, and domiciled in his family, to which Osborne was a privileged visitant. An intimacy had sprung up between the young people, which gradually ripened into love, or something closely resembling it, and was to be consummated by marriage on the return of George from his continental tour. The speaker, however, had lately discovered sufficient of the evil practices of Osborne to make him desire to break off the match, and was casting about for means to do so when the incident just related revealed to Laura with too startling suddenness the real character of her betrothed.

He added that it was his intention immediately to leave Rome, hoping that constant change of scene might aid her in recovering from the stupor of grief into which she had been thrown.

All this to the young artist was like the snapping of some heart-chord. He had not dreamed before how deeply that sweet face had sunk into his fancy. He had studied and dreamed over it while eliminating his picture, revelling in sweet visions in which she was ever the principal figure, till fancy grew to passion. The sight of her living face completed his intoxication.

Now face, picture, every trace of her swept from him, the whole foundation knocked from under his day-dreams, he roamed the streets of Rome as disconsolate as his happy disposition could become.

As he thus slowly wandered down the Via Appia, outside the old walls of Rome, a close carriage dashed past him; an exclamation of some one within caused him hastily to lift his eyes, and he beheld his late visitor bidding him a smiling adieu. Beside him, roused by his sudden exclamation, appeared the lovely face of Laura, now tear-dimmed and wan with grief. A moment more and they were gone, gone, perhaps, forever. Henry gazed after them till the carriage was lost in the distance, and then turned wearily homeward.

Henry Marston had come to Rome with a high ambition to become a painter, and he now pursued his studies with a dogged resolution that must result in at least mechanical excellence. But day after day he brooded over his new-born love, the feeling of loss deepening within him, till the labor that had been light to his hands became a weary drag from which all ambition had died out. Alas! for the spirit of many of the pieces he now painted.

Some, however, revealed even more than their old fire; sad, distressful pictures, in which one face ever appeared, now prominent, now in the background, but ever wan and tear-lined as when he saw it last.

But a war-note from the Western world ran like fire through the blood of the American youth and Rome. Henry hurried home and dashed into the conflict with the restlessness of a world-weary heart. Yet his arm was not destined to render much service to his country. In almost his first fight he was laid up with a disabling wound that promised him weary months in the hospital. He recovered slowly, but the seeds of disease lay deep in his system, and the physician, perceiving the inefficacy of medicine, recommended change of scene, advising a trip to the West Indies as soon as he was strong enough to render it safe.

CHAPTER II.

Kind April had kissed the merry fields of England into their spring livery of green, and young May was now treading the emerald scenes sacred to her from time immemorial. Down the long grassy avenue of a park in Lincolnshire, lined on either side by massive oaks the growth of centuries, from whose leafy knolls and deep down long vistas peered the innocent faces of tame deer, slowly strolled a young man.

He was evidently a stranger to the place, and one with little fear of the law of trespass, though the supposed absence of the family from their country-seat might well explain his intrusion. The youth, in fact, was no other than our artist friend who, instead of to the Indies, had perversely come to England, drawn thither by the subtle magnetism of love. For weeks he had been roaming the unrivalled country scenery of that land with an American's disregard of all game laws and aristocratic privilege. He had vainly sought London through in hope of falling upon a remembered face, but Parliament was prorogued and many of the members had left town, and in despair of finding the object of his quest, Henry had plunged into the country, treading it with a discontented foot from end to end.

He now wandered slowly down this lordly avenue, gazing curiously upon the stone battlements of the ancient mansion just visible through the trees, and pondering on the strange events these old woods might have seen.

He gradually left the avenue and strolled on under the mighty boughs that knit in twined centuries above his head. The browsing deer gazed at him a moment with wild, astonished eyes, then darted off in wild leaps. Frisking rabbits moved before his feet, seeking the sunny glades of the wood. The air was vocal with the songs of birds.

Yet full of thought he moves on unconsciously, hearing and seeing nothing, till suddenly a voice struck his ear that sent the blood rushing in hot eddies back upon his heart. Could he be mistaken in those soft tones? They were as native to his ear as [illegible] voice.

He had approached [illegible] stood upon the edge of [illegible] from a thick-leaved and [illegible] before him in emerald w[illegible] of the mansion on which

The voice that startled [illegible] side of this clump, and [illegible] another, the deep tones [illegible] a moment with no tho[illegible] rather wrapped in surpri[illegible]

The lady's next words [illegible] voice, and fell clearly up[illegible]

"George Osborne," [illegible] admit what you so un[illegible] loved you once, you say. [illegible] knows that I have exp[illegible] affection in tears and [illegible] then. I have admitted [illegible] leave me now?"

"No, Laura, I have n[illegible] love is no tide having its [illegible] current flowing forever [illegible] you too well to consent [illegible] glove, nor can I permit [illegible] to be a whim blown [illegible] around you. I would h[illegible] self."

"For myself I speak, [illegible] declare that, however, I [illegible] you, now I scorn you fr[illegible]

"But why, why, how [illegible]

"What have you don[illegible]

"Your miniature!"

Marston, who was in[illegible] from these tones that [illegible] back in confusion, if no[illegible]

"Yes," she continue[illegible] whole story. You need [illegible] invent any specious tale." [illegible] was in her tones.) "[illegible] Let me advise you not [illegible] the coming of Lord Ly[illegible] the worse for you."

"By heaven, girl, you [illegible] I am not to be baffled [illegible] brained woman. You [illegible] listen to me."

"Leave my path, sir [illegible] the place of hypocrisy. [illegible] a minute and I will sou[illegible]

"You might rouse [illegible] you would hardly get [illegible] walls. I happen to kn[illegible] hurst and lady are ye[illegible] the servants none but [illegible] in the house. You se[illegible] Now hear me."

"I will hear nothing.

"You shall not go. [illegible] play the fool."

"Dare you attempt [illegible] sir!"

"Nay, then, we w[illegible] stronger."

"Villain!" cried a po[illegible] "touch that lady again [illegible] for your life." Ere he [illegible] self flung violently back

At the opening of th[illegible] and erect as a statue, h[illegible] blood driven back fro[illegible] her lifted arms showing [illegible] white wrist. Just befo[illegible] stood Marston, his st[illegible] muscles quivering with [illegible] a tiger at bay every m[illegible] foe.

Osborne, leaping to [illegible] on his opponent, his fi[illegible] vest as if in quest of [illegible] by the steady, determi[illegible] soldier, his eyes fell.

"Make the most of [illegible] cried. "We shall mee[illegible] rending like a wild be[illegible] rushed into the wood.

Only then did Hen[illegible] face of the lady. It w[illegible] to his surprise she rec[illegible] that she had taken any[illegible] more than he had dare[illegible]

"The artist!" she c[illegible]

Whether this unexpe[illegible] anything to the revul[illegible] excitement of the past f[illegible] to say, but she sudde[illegible] have fallen but for hi[illegible] eyes closed. A white [illegible] She had fainted.

Henry knew not wh[illegible] diament into which h[illegible] and for the life of him h[illegible] of it. Calling her nam[illegible] chafing her hands and [illegible] avail. Love even be[illegible] with a sly whisper, to [illegible] but honor drew them[illegible] He recollected having [illegible] water. A stream murm[illegible] Though loath to leave [illegible] his arms he felt that n[illegible] water cure.

Ere he could effec[illegible] covered of herself and [illegible] gaging herself from [illegible] thanked him in those [illegible] ready played havoc wit[illegible] sweetest smile invited [illegible] the house.

Henry was mortal [illegible] phrase accompanied h[illegible]

It appeared that the [illegible] were yet in London, a[illegible] country seat for anot[illegible] town dissipation, and [illegible] the green fields, having[illegible]

Never pleasanter w[illegible] inamorata. From his [illegible] lage just below the [illegible] daily, sure to be met b[illegible] in the grounds. All t[illegible] May; for delightful w[illegible] verse drove the merry [illegible] stole quick upon the h[illegible] long hours lapsed like [illegible]

The last day before [illegible] arrived, the heart of th[illegible] it had been lost some[illegible] boughs. As for the la[illegible] speak; it may have be[illegible] have been a warmer f[illegible] his with a new light [illegible] depth, that thrilled hi[illegible] gush of hope.

On this day, in comp[illegible] mise, she led him into[illegible] proceeding lastly to th[illegible] was a noble room, hun[illegible] rows of paintings, the[illegible] refined taste. Side by[illegible] lery, passing first a lon[illegible]

he sound of his own

clump of bushes that
the forest dividing it
dowery garden that ran
aves to the white beach
it broke in roses.

him was on the other
was now answered by
of a man. Henry stood
ught of eavesdropping,
e and pleasurre.
were spoken in a raised
on his ear.
she cried, "suppose I
generously demand? I
Grant that I did, God
iated the sin of wasted
penitence enough since
all you ask, will you

ot your philosophy. My
floods and ebbs, but a
in one course. I love
to be cast off like an old
your declared affection
by the breath of those
ave you speak for your-

" answered she, "and
may have once viewed
om my soul."
have I deserved this?"
e with my miniature?"

voluntarily listening, felt
the speaker had fallen
dismay.
ed. "But I know the
not trouble yourself to
" (What fine scorn there
Farewell, Mr. Osborne.
to remain about here till
dhurst. It might prove

shall hear me through!
by the whims of a sick-
have had your say, now

Menace then is to take
Attempt to detain me
e the house."
an echo there, perhaps,
more from those empty
ow that my Lord Lynd-
t in London, and as for
the deaf old butler are
e I know my position.

Leave my path, sir!"
I did not come here to

violence? Unhand me,

will see which is the

werful voice from behind,
, and I will not answer
could turn he felt him-
k into the bushes.
e path stood Laura, pale
er blue eyes burning, the
m her compressed lips,
red finger marks on the
re her, a new Antinous,
rength all restored, his
indignation, waiting like
vement of his prostrate

his feet, glared furiously
ogers working within his
some weapon, but awed
ned look of the young

it, my fine fellow," he
t again." He turned and
east through the bushes

y turn to gaze into the
as indeed Laura. Greatly
ognized him as soon, for
note of his features was
d to hope.
ied.
ected meeting contributed
ion of feeling from the
few moments it were hard
ly staggered and would
s protecting arm. Her
hue crept over her face.

at to do. This was a pre-
e had never before fallen,
e knew not how to get out
ne in a hundred changes,
temples, all proved of no
nt his lips towards hers
try the effect of a kiss—
back ere it was stolen.
heard of the efficacy of
nured at a short distance.
e the sweet burden from
o resort remained but the

t his object, Laura re-
with a deep blush disen-
his supporting arms,
silvery tones that had at-
h his heart, and with her
him to accompany her to

and he felt—or in other
er.
Lord Lyndhurst and lady
nd would not reach their
ther week; she, tired of
longing for the breath of
g preceded them.
eck passed artist and his
lodging in the small vil-
park wall came Henry,
y Laura somewhere with-
oo fast fled that week in
alks and pleasant con-
days onward till evening
eels of morning, and the
dreams.

the coming of the family
e artist was no longer his;
where under those green
dy, we cannot venture to
een gratitude only, it may
eeling, but her eyes met
, her voice with a new
s brain with a delightful

bliance with a former pro-
and through the house,
e picture gallery. This
g on either side with long
e fruits of wealth and a
side they paced the gal-
g row of family portraits that carried the ancestry of the noble lord back to the days of the conquest, a long range of faces without souls, with here and there a gap planted by fancy with a soul without a face.

Leaving these family mementoes they came upon rows of miscellaneous paintings, the collection of the present lord, and of, I know not how many of his ancestors. They were placed more with an eye to contrast than on any other principle of arrangement, faces of old France, being followed by rare bits of Italian scenery, and this perhaps by some odd moonlight view by a Dutch master; while angel faces of Raphael followed close on dark savage mountain scenery, wrought by the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

A picture-gallery is a dream of lands unknown and history unacted, and they wandered through the vision peopling every scene with their love till in fine contrast to a delicate sunset by some unknown hand, hung Henry's own picture of death and the ascending spirit.

They turned and looked into each other's eyes with some deep consciousness struggling to the surface as if they felt that a strange fate had woven their lives together, and this the connecting link. He took her not unwilling hand and they strolled on unnoticing the paintings that looked down on them from either side, telling in their mute oratory to the warm, young hearts beneath, that love knows no country nor rank, place nor time, but lives wherever the heart beats and is instinct in every stroke of the artist's pencil.

"Shall I not claim my miniature again?" he said, leading her to a seat near a window that overlooked the park at the upper end of the gallery.

"It is yours," she replied, handing him the painted face which had been the origin of their acquaintance.

As he raised it with a lover's gallantry to his lips, his eyes fell upon a picture that hung just before him on the wall. He started and gazed with a look of intelligence into her smiling face.

Well he remembered it. Painted in one of the most disconsolate hours of his residence in Rome, it represented a long, flat, sandy beach, marking by a gray rim of seaweed the highest reach of the tide, while sinking deep into the background a heaving ocean met a driving cloud that marked the sky. Far out, a single skimming gull alone broke the monotony of the sea. Upon the beach, just beyond the reach of the waves, lay a drenched, drowned form, seemingly just dragged from the waters by a man whose upturned face was full of agony as he wildly chafed the clenched hands. Though dishevelled hair nearly hid the white face it was plainly Laura, and himself that bent above her.

"Lost to me forever," was the legend that ran through a corner of the picture.

He well remembered the feeling with which he had painted it, and how a more healthy phase of mind made him glad to part with it to a friend who was so anxious to procure it. But how came it here?

"I painted then as I felt," he said, "Lost! lost forever! cried every throb of my heart. This sketch is but one of a series representing you ever beyond my reach, and I striving after the unattainable, though none, I confess, quite so hard and unfanciful as this. Then I never dreamed that the time would come that I should bend thus looking down into those deep, smiling eyes, full of the life of which my fancy robbed them, and into those listening ears whisper the tale that haunted my every hour." (A tinge ran through Laura's cheeks at this unlooked-for preamble till they grew rosy as the cheeks of the dawn.) "Why should I hide the sweet truth first taught me by your miniature? I love you! I love you! Say, oh, say, that it is not in vain!"

He looked deep into her eyes and saw a hundred sweet confessions stealing up too full for words,—words! her soul was syllabled in looks. Delight lay trembling on her vermeil lips. He stooped to kiss it off,—when a crash of glass was followed by the sensation of a severe blow on his head and he fell insensible to the floor. Simultaneously the report of a gun was heard from the park.

Laura leaped up in affright, and, seeing him stretched motionless at her feet, fell in a dead faint to the floor.

At the same instant the library door flew open, and Lord Lyndhurst, who had unexpectedly arrived that moment, unheard by the preoccupied lovers, ran rapidly across the room. Reading at a glance what had happened, he reached the window just in time to see a thin wreath of smoke ascending from a clump of bushes some fifty yards distant and a man's form stealing out of this into the shelter of the forest. He could not be mistaken in the person. Flinging the window violently up, he leaped on to the heavy cornice without and cried in a voice that crossed the intervening space and arrested the felon an instant in his flight.

"I know you, George Osborne. You may attempt flight. You will not find it so easy to escape me."

The servants, together with those who had accompanied him from London, were clustered in the lawn below. A few hasty words dispersed them in various directions in pursuit of the criminal, and then he turned to inspect the condition of the apparently lifeless forms that lay at his feet. Who they were he had not yet the least idea, but when he gazed upon the remembered features of Henry Marston, surprise held him spellbound. Despite his restrictions, his secrecy in regard to name, rank, and residence, love had bridged the ocean and drawn through the impalpable and hidden till feet born to walk life in unison had come like magnets together.

The picture above their heads, Osborne's vindictiveness, all told the same story, and the Earl laughed as he thought how weak were fetters on the young hands of love.

A glance showed him that there was nothing to be feared. Laura had obviously fainted, while for Henry the bullet had merely grazed his skull, stunning him temporarily. His stooping to the lips of Laura had probably saved his life.

They soon showed signs of returning animation, and memory returning with sense, gazed in dread on the face that bent above them.

Henry, springing to his feet, began to stammer excuses, breaking down at every second word, while Laura merely looked her plea.

"There, there," said the Earl kindly, "I see how it is. I was foolish enough to trust to the old story of Cupid's blindness, forgetting that he had a sixth sense worth all the other five. What claims have you, sir, on my consideration? Not on that of my niece. Your claim there is very apparent."

"The claim of an empty pocket and a full head," answered Henry. "My family is good, though in America we laugh at such distinction, brains and education giving there our only patents of nobility. What indifferent talent I have with the pencil you know. As for title I have only that of Captain in the Union army, for order of distinction but this scar," drawing up his sleeve and showing the cicatrice of a bullet wound, and for creed the two words 'I love.'"

"And, Laura, what have you to say for the youth?"

"That I love him, uncle."

"A true woman's answer, comprising a mine of argument, which if worked for a month would still turn up the word, love. Then, in God's name, take him!"

He joined their hands and left them.

A Very Courtable Widow.

Some hundred years later we find a Sir John Salusbury, of Llewenny Hall, marrying a ward of Queen Elizabeth's, Katherine of Berayne, then only fourteen years old. She was an heiress and a descendant in the fifth generation from Owen Tudor and the Princess Katherine of France. On Sir John's death, in 1567, his widow followed him to the grave, and in going to church was escorted by Sir Richard Clough, the owner of the property in the neighborhood, formerly in the service of Sir Thomas Gresham, and at that time a very eminent merchant. In returning home from the burial, she was attended by a young gentleman of property, named Morris Wynn. He, perceiving the widow to be not very inconsolable, and fired by her charms, profited by the opportunity to whisper a tale of love into her ears, and finally asked her to be his wife. She, by no means startled at this oddly-timed proposal, civilly declined his offer, saying that she accepted a similar one from Clough on her way to church; but, probably observing young Wynn to be much cast down at her refusal, and being a large-hearted, companionable woman, she sought to console the rejected lover by the assurance that if she survived Clough, Wynn should be her third husband. This promise she duly kept when, three years later, she was a second time a widow. Again, a third time, did she outlive her husband, and a fourth time became a wife, marrying Mr. Edward Thalwall, also a Denbighshire man. This husband survived her. So numerous and influential were the descendants of this Katherine of Berayne, that she was long known by the title of Mam Cymry, or Mother of Wales.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere, G. C. B.*

RECEIPTS.

A Parlor Barometer.—Ladies, you cannot well find a prettier or more useful parlor pet than the modest, unassuming, little, cheery chickweed that grows neglected in the out-of-sight, shaded nooks in your grounds and gardens.

Fill a vase—as ornamental as you please—the pretty little weed is worthy of it—with rich garden mold; then set in the plants, taking them up carefully with earth about the roots—give them plenty of air, always shade, and water in the evening three times a week, in very hot weather, and you will have very soon one of the prettiest of parlor ornaments, and a perfect barometer, more reliable than all the brass, glass, and quicksilver machines in creation. Watch the tiny white flowers in the morning. If you find them quite closed, lay by all ideas of shopping, promenading or pleasure riding for that day. The rain will come down before you can dress and get abroad. If the flowers bashfully put forth but half their breadth, the day will likely be one of mingled showers and sunshine. But finding the blossoms boldly expanded, they promise a fine day. Put your trust in them, and go forth without dread of draggled skirts and dripping millinery. Madeline.

Dye Starching.—Staple and fancy dry goods clerks almost always tell us nearer the truth than they intend, when they warrant their fabrics *fast* colors. Fast fleeting they don't mean, of course; but eighteen-nineteenths of them are in these days of universal cheating and cheap goods.

Happily there is a method by which these fleeting colors so given to running away can be made a fixed fact, so cheaply that the cost per person per year will not exceed fifty cents, and so simple that any woman with sense enough to sew on a shirt button can successfully manage it.

Use the manufactured liquid dyes, to be had at almost all respectable druggists; in this manner:—First the material being ready to starch, make up the best clear starch in the usual manner. Then take that dye whose color is nearest that of the garment whatever it may be, and pour into the starch so much of the liquid as will change the starch to the desired color; after which proceed to starch and iron in the usual way. As the liquid is a mordant as well as dye, the color is fixed in ironing, and the process may be repeated as often as there appears a disposition to fade.

The cost of the dye is but twenty-five cents per bottle, and by purchasing the four principal colors—any red, yellow, blue and green, and exercising a little ingenuity, any desirable shade of starch may be obtained. The four bottles ought to serve for any woman's wardrobe two years. Madeline.

Fried Bean Pods.—"Cosmo" brought the custom from somewhere among the South sea heathens and taught it me.

Frying beans—a barbarous practice you will say, perhaps. But permit me to assure you that young, tender pods of string beans are excellent fried; make a capital hot-weather breakfast dish, or a delicious relish for luncheon. Try them this way, please, and confess that before you didn't know beans.

Take nice, long, tender pods, string them as for cooking, soak in a weak, salt pickle half an hour, and boil about ten minutes. Having drained the pods nearly dry, put them into sharp vinegar pretty highly spiced, and after twenty-four hours they will be fit for service. To prepare them, take out as many as will be needed, drain them well, and douse them into a batter made of flour, beaten eggs, and made up with milk. Have ready a drippingpan of fat hissing hot, and drop into it singly the pods coated with batter, frying a dozen at a time to a bright brown. Skim out and lay in single courses like small fried fish on small plates. It will be well to cook a few beyond the breakfast requirements, as they will be sure to find lovers at luncheon. Madeline.

☞ Some of the California papers have a standing head for divorces, and print them in the same style as advertisements of marriages, deaths and births.

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A Question for French Lawyers.

The most curious and interesting point of law has recently furnished matter for trial, perhaps without parallel in the judicial annals of the country. The Procureur-Imperial, whose office it is to bring forward proof of guilt, was here employed to exonerate the prisoner from crime, while her own advocate was eager in maintaining the proof of her guilt. A lady, moving in a good position of society, had long been living in a state of legal separation from her husband; but finding that way of life to be greatly wanting both in comfort and convenience, she resolved to improve the separation which the law had pronounced entire by making it eternal. Accordingly, remembering her husband's taste for fruit out of season, she sent him in early spring, as from an unknown hand, a little basket containing all kinds of rare and delicate hot-house fruits; among others, seven superb strawberries, which, as she had expected, the receiver devoured with the greatest g'ee. Strange to say, the husband, on reception of the anonymous present, never thought it could be sent by his wife; but the moment he felt cold and shivering, and sick, with dreadful pains and cramps, after eating the strawberries, he felt sure that she was the donor, and no other. The residue of the strawberries being analyzed, was found to contain oil of croton tiglium. Accordingly the lady was arrested. The basket was proved to have been despatched by her. She was duly tried, and of course acquitted of the charge of an attempt to murder. But the husband, not content with the decision, drags her once more before the tribunals, determined to have her condemned for something, and charges her with the administering of noxious drugs calculated to cause disease and danger. Now comes the admirable spectacle of one of those legal tournaments where wrong becomes right and right becomes wrong. The lady having already been tried for murder and acquitted, her advocate must now prove that she administered poison in sufficient quantity to cause death, or she will certainly be condemned for the serious offence above mentioned. The Procureur-Imperial, usually called upon to prove guilt, is now urgent in his protestations of the lady's innocence, for if guilty she will be lost to condemnation. Debates run high. A maximum is fixed, and it is declared that the administering of one gramme of oil of croton tiglium may constitute murder. Each strawberry eaten by the husband is supposed to have contained about 20 centigrammes of the noxious drug; there were seven in number, so that the whole quantity must have amounted to one gramme and 40 centigrammes over. So the intent to murder being fully proved, the lady was acquitted, and goes on her way rejoicing.

Submarine Cables.—The first successful submarine telegraph cable was laid in 1851, between Dover and Calais, and has been in operation fifteen years. It is twenty-seven miles long. The Atlantic cable, which has just been successfully submerged, is the fifty-fifth submarine cable that has been laid, and is 1,864 miles in length. The aggregate length of all the submarine cables now in successful operation on the globe is 8,677 miles. Great Britain and Ireland have 19 submarine cables; Italy 8; Norway 3; France and India each 2; and Spain 1. The next longest line to the Atlantic cable is that connecting Malta and Alexandria, Egypt. It is laid in three sections, and the deep-sea portions have never been out of order since they were first submerged in 1861. The entire line is 1,535 miles in length.

☞ The Scotia, Captain Judkins, in her last trip from Liverpool, made the fastest western passage on record. The whole distance run was 2,927 miles. The time from Liverpool to New York, adding four hours and thirty minutes for difference in time, was eight days, seventeen hours and fifty-four minutes: from Queenstown, eight days, nine hours and five minutes. That is not quite so fast as the telegraph, but it will do.

☞ Average of Children to Human Family.—Two children apiece, is the average of mortal mothers at the present moment—so says the great authority, *Dr. Farr*, in the English Pall Mall Gazette, adding also that there are, in England and Wales alone, more than one million of childless families.

☞ At Belle Plain I had been expounding to the negroes the parable of the Prodigal Son. When I concluded one of them arose, and, in the soberest manner, said, "Now, breddren, we'se a great deal better off than the Prodigal Son, 'cause he didn't hab no gemman of a different color to come to him and tell him how glad his Fadder would be to hab him come home!"

☞ Marriage brokerage, which has been a regular business in California, is to be discountenanced by law. Their fees were as follows: For registering an applicant, $5; for an introduction, $20; commission on dowry, 5 per cent.

☞ M. Jules Janin in a recent feuilleton said: "'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' to use Samuel Johnson's language. O rare Sam Johnson!"

☞ College Colors.—The blue ribbon belongs to Yale; Williams wears the purple; Harvard the red; and Hamilton the corn color.

☞ At Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "He was easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

☞ A St. Louis girl married a man to win a bet, and afterwards sued for a divorce.

☞ Mr. Conway is responsible for a story that Thomas Hughes went into the Workingmen's College recently, and found the "trainer" knocking about the young boxers whom he was instructing with needless violence—so much so that they were irritated and refused to box with him. Tom Brown, whom the trainer did not know, asked to have a turn, and in a moment floored his man. The trainer arose very red and angry, and Hughes, quietly remarking that he hoped he would remember it when he was next boxing with the students, left.

☞ A little son of Capt. Smith, of Orleans, N. Y., recently threw up, while coughing, the porcelain leg of a doll, an inch in length, which had been in the lungs of the child for seven years. He had been ailing all the time, and was regarded as a victim to consumption. All along the lad said he felt something in his lungs that ought to come up. Now that it has he feels quite comfortable, and it is thought that he will get well.

☞ Guarded.—"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" said a father to his son, who had just returned to his country home from his visit to the city. "Yes, sir, part of the time by two policemen."

Forty Years Old.

The lady who has been described as the most graceful and charming woman in Europe was forty years old on the fifth of last month. She is not only distinguished for her personal attractions, but she sits on the loftiest throne in the world, and is the reigning queen of another world whose limit is as boundless as civilization. This lady, of course, is the Empress Eugenie of France. With all her power she is powerless in the grasp of Time. Years accumulate, leaving on her handsome countenance their ineffaceable mark, and queen as she is, she cannot wipe one from the score. By a caprice of taste she can set the female world in a flutter, but she cannot possess herself of the youth of the humblest of her worshippers. Poor Empress! Less fortunate than her obscure sisters, she cannot even practice a little harmless deception in the matter of age. The world knew when she was born, and, having been kind enough to remember the event, is now too cruel to forget. It is a question whether it is worth while to be a queen at such a penalty. In point of fact, forty years is not a great age. A maiden of forty might properly be called an ancient maiden, but a monarch at forty is young. Daniel Webster was forty when he made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, yet nearly all the greatness of his life came after. We question, however, if the Empress will find consolation in the study of history. Hers was the reign of beauty, the most imperious but evanescent reign that mortal can aspire to. The real life of a beauty is generally compressed into ten fleeting years. After that, the Deluge.

How Youth is Renewed.—Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie claims to have learned the secret course of treatment by which Madame Rachel has recently been making old and ugly women in England, young and beautiful again. After quantities of skin-purifying baths, comes, first, the Vestris enamel—an elastic pigment, which fills up all the rough places in the skin, such as pock-marks, furrows and scars. It is of the same color as the flesh, and yields to the movement of the muscles. Then the face is washed with a preparation called pearl white, and afterwards a delicate powder called bloom of roses is applied in small quantities to the cheeks. Next the eye-brows are darkened, and a bluish powder is laid on under the eyes, to add to their apparent size and increase their brilliancy. Another preparation stains the lips and gums bright red. A powerful dentifrice whitens the teeth. The nails are rendered delicate and shapely by nail shields worn at night; and, last of all, the hair receives from "Albanian water" the much admired golden tint. It is a wonder if a woman's own mother or husband knows her when all is done.

☞ An exchange says that within a month after the opening of the New York Inebriate Asylum over fifteen hundred applications were made by wealthy parents for the admission of their daughters, who had contracted bad habits of intemperance from the use of wines and liquors at fashionable parties.

☞ A Frenchman, on arriving in England and finding himself utterly unobserved, no official asking his passport, no policeman dogging his steps, no mayor demanding his business, felt sad and lonely, and exclaimed that he was no more taken notice of than if he was a little dog.

☞ Women earn eleven cents per day in New York, making shirts.

Intending to the Public.

For the past few months the country has been flooded with worthless counterfeits of valuable popular medicines; the counterfeiters evidently having the impression that our laws protected them in pirating the trade mark of manufacturers not resident in this Province—and thus deceiving the public. But the case of *Perry Davis & Son*, of Providence, R. I., against a house in Montreal,—on which, after careful investigation, our Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics decided that *Perry Davis & Son* are alone entitled to the enregistration of "Pain Killer," thus rendering simple justice to the inventors and proprietors of a valuable family medicine, and protecting the public against a host of base and worthless counterfeits. We cannot too highly commend this judgment.—*Hamilton News.*

aug11-2t

Moth and Freckles.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.

jel6-6m

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Market dull; 7000 bbls sold, including 1500 bbls Northwest extra family at from $9,50@10,50 ₩ bbl; $6,87½@7,50 for superfine; $8@8 50 for extra; $10@11 50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal continue dull; we quote the former at $5,75, and the latter at $4,25 ₩ bbl for Penna Meal.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is limited; sales in lots bus prime new Delaware red at $2,50@2,60, mostly at $2 55; small sales of spring Wheat are making at $2,05@2,10 ₩ bus. Penna reds at 97c@$1, and Western at 90@95c ₩ bus. Corn; 10,000 bus prime yellow sold at 62@65c, and 29,000 bus mixed Westerns at 59@62c ₩ bus. Oats; 20,000 bus new Southern sold at 54@55c; 3000 bus old Penna at 60c and 9000 bus old Western at 50@53c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Small sales are making at $21 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@23c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams, 19@20c for pickled do; 16@16½c for salt Shoulders; and 21@22c ₩ lb for Lard in bbls and tierces. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 23@31c, the latter for good. Cheese—Sales of new New York at 16@19c. Eggs are selling at 23@24c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 1700 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at from 27@30c ₩ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—We quote 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at $6@6,25 for white ash, and $6,25@6,50 ₩ ton for red ash.

FEATHERS—Sales are making at 70@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $3@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are scarce.

HOPS—Small sales of Eastern and Western are making at from 35@70c ₩ lb, as to quality.

PLASTER—Soft is quote at $4,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed continues scarce. Small sales of prime are reported at $6,50@7 ₩ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is also scarce at $3,45 ₩ bus. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,50@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of bbls are making at $2,21@2,24 for Pennsylvania, and $2,35@2,39 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 12½c for city rendered and 11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—Small sales are making at from 67@68c for extra, 65@67 for fine, 63@65 for medium, 54@56c for coarse, 61@67c for good tub washed, 56@58c for inferior do, and 45@55c ₩ lb for Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 17@17½c ₩ lb. 330 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—800 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 1800 Hogs sold at from $14,00@14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'

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"Itch" all Skin D
"Itch" Price 50
"Itch" By sending
"Itch" Dr. Swayn
"Itch" No. 330 North Six
"Itch" A box will be sent
"Itch" age paid, to a
Sold by all the leading D

Holloway's Pills.—I
insidious and destructive
the system as a specific
entirely superseded by th
septic and vegetable reme
cate all traces of this co
to the exhausted functio
constitution, and energy
For indigestion, Bilious
are the only safe cure.
25c., 62c., and $1 per box.

A Sure remedy for Chi
AGUE CURE never fails

MARRI

☞ Marriage notices m
by a responsible name.

On the 29th of July, by
Stockton Bayts to Miss
Jonathan Heston, both of
In Manayunk, on the 25
Culver, Mr Andrew T.
Supplee, both of Manayu
On the 19th of July, by
Arthur Piccler, of Ne
Flot, of this city.
On the 25th of July, by
George Wall to Miss
of this city.
On the 26th of July, by
Mr. Thomas E. Dean to
both of this city.
On the 21st of July, by
Mr. Harper M. Smith to
both of this city.

DEA

☞ Notices of Deaths
nied by a responsible nam

On the 30th of July, Jo
69th year.
On the 30th of July, An
year.
On the 29th of July, L
66th year.
On the 29th of July, Mr
years.
On the 29th of July, Ma
her 27th year.
On the 28th of July, Mr
64th year.
On the 28th of July, M
85th year.
On the 27th of July, M
her 85th year.
On the 26th of July, M
71st year.

P. S. PETER

(Late Withers

39 SOUTH THIRD S

STOCK AND

BRO

STOCKS, BONDS, &c.
of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NO
and will be sold at lowest

All orders for GOVER
promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONE

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the Loyal States and Cana

DRAFTS furnished on
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DR. GEORG

ELECTRICAL

Electricity, a sovereign
suffering humanity, is no
discoveries in Electrical
treatment of disease, by
many of the most wonder
living witnesses can testi
tertious, ever-present and
ment, which can now be
body, thereby removing
stated all other methods o
electrical action of the liv
human system, as is scient
vantage of Dr. Freed's
Combined Galvanic and
for treatment (which is u
varied forms of disease.
whispers words of consola
ed and opens the way f
your case examined. Co
instructed. Send for circ
references. All letters a

jy21-3m 1649 North

☞Freckles, Tan

REMOVED at once
HAM'S Freckle,
nisher." Price, $1 Cen
for 75 Cents, by S. C. H
Street, Philadelphia.
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THE BOWEN

magnifying
for $1 50. Add
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$1500 PER YEAR, p
Biddeford, Me., or Chic

S FRIEND.

harvest time of life, as
the appropriate steel
number of this beauti-
ble and finely colored
m, as usual. Then we
f wood-cuts illustrating
the latest fashions in
&c. The music is the
Home." Among the
e note "One Summer's
gusta;" "The Banshee,"
Disputed Patrimony,"
e Distressed Bachelor,"
iphant; Novelties, Re-
Price $2.50 a year; 2
one *gratis*) $16. Spec-
t for 15 cents. Address
N, 219 Walnut Street,

nt. Never Fails.

to 48 hours.	"TETTER."
INTMENT	"TETTER."
INTMENT	"TETTER."
Piles,	"TETTER."
-head, Rash,	"TETTER."
iseases.	"TETTER."
cents.	"TETTER."
0 cents to	"TETTER."
& Son,	"TETTER."
th St., Phila.	"TETTER."
by mail, post-	"TETTER."
y address;	"TETTER."
Druggists.	mar24-eowtf

IVER COMPLAINT.—The
effects of "blue pill" an
for this disease are now
use of these mild, anti-
ities. They act only eradi-
plaint, but give vitality
s, vigor to the impaired
to the emaciated invalid.
es, heart-burn, &c., they
old by all Druggists, at

LS AND FEVER, AYER'S
aug11-2t

IAGES.

st always be accompanied

the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr.
JENNIE H., daughter of
this city.
th of July, by the Rev. A.
WYMAN to Miss MARTHA
nk.
the Rev. Wm. J. Mann,
w Orleans, to CLARA J.
the Rev. Mr. Erben, Mr.
RILLA M. LINDSEY, both
y the Rev. T. M. Griffith,
Miss LOUISA SHARLOCK,
the Rev. Francis Church,
Miss JULIET F. HAINES,

TES.

nust always be accompa-
e.

ORPH PRESTON, Sr., in his
MA EDGOWER, in her 90th
VIN H. PATRICK, in his
s. LYDIA EVANS, aged 69
s. ELIZABETH DOBBY, in
THOMAS HAMILL, in his
ATTHIAS GILBERT, in his
s SARAH SAUNDERS, in
ARGARET MILLER, in her

RSON & Co.,

& Peterson,)
T., PHILADELPHIA.
EXCHANGE
RRS.
, Bought and Sold at Board
OTES constantly on hand,
rates.
INMENT SECURITIES
Y Bought and Sold.
RAFTS, &c., made in all
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ll accessible points.

E W. FREED,
PHYSICIAN.

remedy for the relief of
w demonstrated by great
science as applied in the
Dr. Freed, having effected
ful cures on record, as the
fy, by means of this mys-
all-pervading vital ele-
irected to any part of the
obstructions that have re-
f treatment, restoring the
s of life and health of the
tically applied by the ad-
patent improved Portable
Electro-Magnetic Battery
mild and gentle) in all the
Its crowning excellence
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or relief. Call and have
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and Pimples.

by the use of "CF-
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ress F. P. TOWNE,
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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

PERFECTION

Is rarely attained, yet

A. B. W. BULLARD'S
IMPROVED OIL SOAP,

FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other resinous fluids.

COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

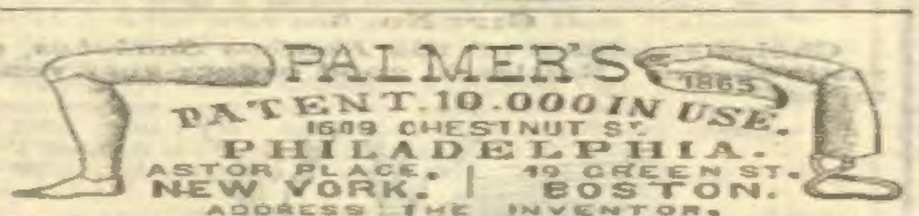
Manufactured by the Proprietors,

A. B. W. BULLARD & CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

General Agents,

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

☞ For sale by all Druggists.
aug4-3m



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still *greater numbers* of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.
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FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
SEWING
$5 MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BRAIDING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal Journals and of those who have seen it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
june3-3m Office, 169 Nassau St., New York.

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FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN & CHILDREN

N. E. Cor. of 9th and Arch Sts., Phila.

Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.
je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

CHARLES DUMMIG & CO.'S MUSIC STORE,

Established 1845, removed from 633 Chestnut St. to 1031 CHESTNUT Street, opposite St. Lawrence Hotel. R. WITTIG & CO., successors to Charles Dummig & Co. je9-3m

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents.
may19-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

LOOK! LOOK!—Full instructions by which any person can master the wonderful art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours. Satisfaction or money refunded. Price 50 cents, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.
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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A. M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL*¶	" 9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS‡	" 12.40	A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.05	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P. M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

A TICKET OFFICE

Is located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

NEW BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC

BY L. O. EMERSON.

THE JUBILATE, by the author of the "*Harp of Judah*," "*Merry Chimes*," "*Golden Wreath*," &c., combining all the excellent features of his previous work with many new and important ones—a Collection Unequalled for Choirs, Congregations, Societies, Conventions, Schools, and Families—This Day Published. Price, $1 38 a copy, on receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid. Per dozen $13.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	105
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

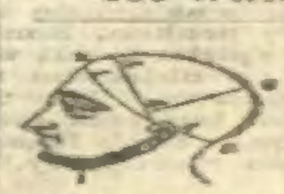
No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*See Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
819 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



E. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE, and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar24-6m

GRAND GIFT ENTERPRISE!

Splendid Chance to Make a Permanent Investment.

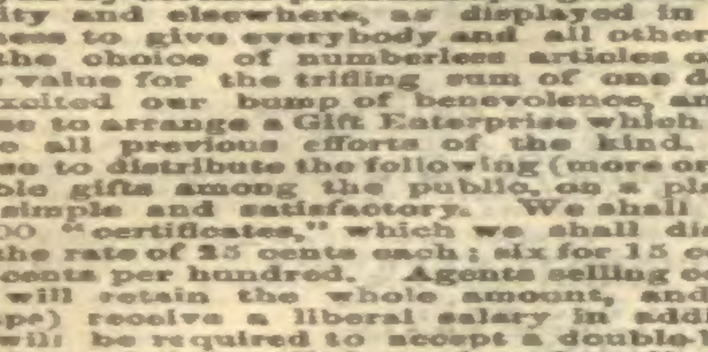
ALL GUARANTEED PRIZES: Who Don't Draw Blanks.

The intense and overpowering benevolence displayed by certain philanthropic gentlemen of this city and elsewhere, as displayed in their eagerness to give everybody and all other persons the choice of numberless articles of immense value for the trifling sum of one dollar, has excited our bump of benevolence, and we propose to arrange a Gift Enterprise which shall eclipse all previous efforts of the kind. We propose to distribute the following (more or less) valuable gifts among the public, on a plan at once simple and satisfactory. We shall print 100,000 "certificates," which we shall dispose of at the rate of 25 cents each; six for 15 cents; or 10 cents per hundred. Agents selling certificates will retain the whole amount, and will (perhaps) receive a liberal salary in addition. They will be required to accept a double-back-action-lever-full jewelled watch and a diamond pin, which it is understood they will hang up in some public place, as samples of our goods.

Each certificate will name some article which the person can have by sending us one dollar. On receiving the money it is to be optional with us whether to send the article or not. This rule, adopted by nearly all gift concerns, has worked entirely satisfactorily—to the proprietors. All articles not proving exactly as we represent them may be returned to us (express charges paid) on payment of an additional fifty cents.

We are enabled to make these liberal engagements owing to the inflated currency, the panic in England, high rents, and the extremely warm weather.

The following will give an idea of the style and desirableness of our articles:



GIFT No. 1.

The above was the property of Sir Morton Peto. It had been a cherished relic of his grandmother. While in this country a transient pecuniary embarrassment induced him to leave it with a benevolent relative in Chatham street. Circumstances beyond his control prevent his redeeming it. The winner of this prize will no doubt value it as a memorial of the great Sir M. Peto no less than for its intrinsic worth. Its thorough *finish* will be noticed by the most casual observer.

GIFT No. 2.

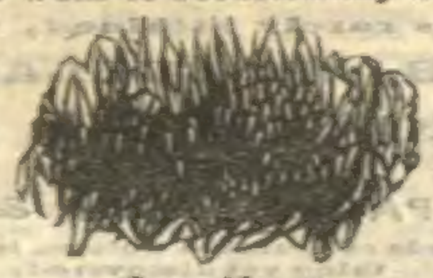
Supplies of the Fenian army, captured by Gen. Meade. Gen. Sweeny having declined to "call at our office and pay charges" ($1,001.01), the U. S War Department requests us to dispose of it on their behalf. It is presumed that the fortunate person to whom this gift is awarded will cheerfully assume the payment of the Fenian bonds, and treat all hands to spruce beer.

GIFT No. 3.

Some horse. Warranted sound——on the goose. Is remarkable for style, is as gentle as a lamb, and has been thoroughly broken. Some people *might* consider him too spirited, but we don't *think* they would. Has no objection to going a short distance in the country. His 20 years' experience in the *omnibus* business may render him valuable for the stage. Adah Isaacs Meaken may find him a desirable "property."

GIFT No. 4.

This article, being unfortunately two months behind the prevailing fashion, will prove hard to dispose of. We hope to palm it off on some very lately arrived Irish girl, who may possibly be willing to wear it occasionally of an evening.

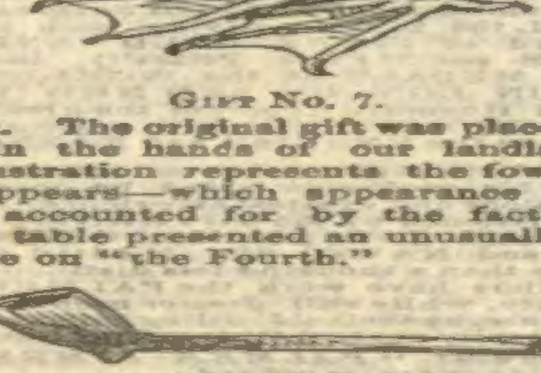


GIFT No. 5.

A Boston correspondent who has kindly donated this article to our enterprise assures us that it is "something out of the Common." To us it appears like a specimen of a portion of the tobacco plant, which has been dried after undergoing the process of mastication.

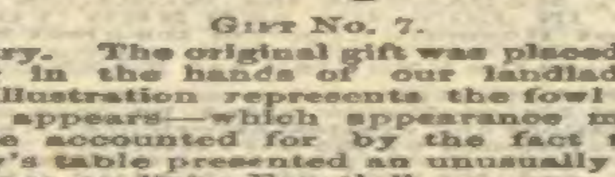
GIFT No. 6.

Choice specimen of the *Rattlesnake Snakebus*, or rattle-snake. Rattles in good order; very venomous.



GIFT No. 7.

Poultry. The original gift was placed for safe keeping in the hands of our landlady. The above illustration represents the fowl as it at present appears—which appearance may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that our landlady's table presented an unusually inviting appearance on "the Fourth."



GIFT No. 8.

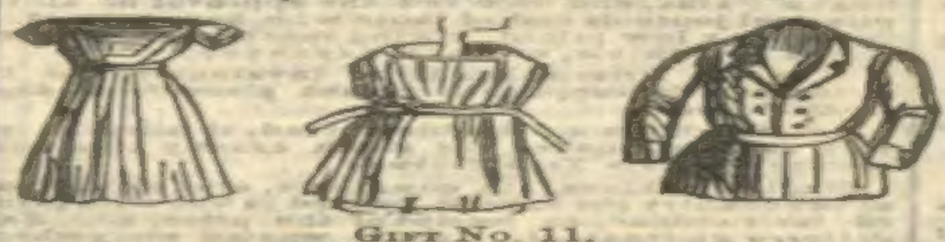
Warranted to be meerschaum.

GIFT No. 9.

Cow. Has been used to the luxuries of a city life. She is warranted to give the genuine Orange county milk.

GIFT No. 10.

Toilet articles. Have been in our family for several generations, and having no further use for them, on account of other business, we have decided to dispose of them in this manner.

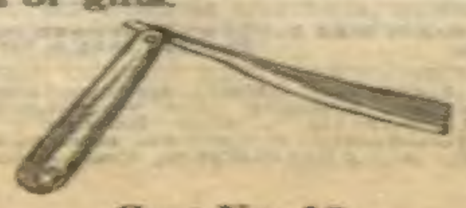


GIFT No. 11.

After the manner of wizards and exhibitors, we shall award the above articles to some gushing youth of seventy-five summers, with a bald head.

GIFT No. 12.

Valuable farm of five hundred acres. It is the most delightful and desirable piece of real estate that can be imagined. Lest some persons may accuse us of exaggeration, we would say the property doesn't belong to us, and consequently we have no object in misrepresenting it—the owner not even knowing we have included it in our list of gifts.

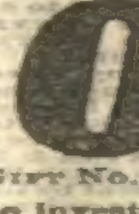


GIFT No. 13.

Razor. We have also cutting corns and splitting edge is so arranged that well for a hand saw.

GIFT No.

A very intelligent an species, who "knows best having had considerable e especially the latter. Not to part with this valuable we are anxious to get rid



GIFT No.

As most of those invest will receive this gift, we description unnecessary. rested in rival schemes h familiar with it.

The Mute D

"No dogs admitted, sir, gay assemblage, as a you appeared at the entrance. behind you if you go in."

"Very well," said the about here, Prince, till I joined the crowd within.

By-and-by the young m his watch, when, behold! snapped in two, and the va gone. He considered the then a sudden thought flas So, stepping out, he whis porter, and gained permi in a minute or two.

"Look here, Prince," s dog, my watch is stolen," the empty pocket and the understand, old fellow? thief. You find it, my g get you a famous treat. you?"

Prince wagged his head master a wonderful knowi two stole quietly into the Quietly this dumb dete among the people, smelli coat and that one's chain, teeth firmly into the coat-e ing man, and could not be man quietly made known standers, who gathered ar thief's pocket duly search were found upon him, wh up in the course of the their rightful owners were hands on. Prince selected party in a twinkling, as for, and gave it to him joy taken a very keen policem neatly and quickly, and merited as good a dinner A good beef bone and ever, abundantly satisfied then he was just as ready over again.

AGRICUL

Cosmo's C

WRITTEN FOR THE SATU

PREPARATIONS

In one and another se growing region, August, f will be a month of vital culture is concerned, to crop.

If fallow, or turning un order of economy, of co ploughing will have been stances earlier; but if wh successor of some other will be the season of busy as cultivation is concerne rally understood that plou depth, and thorough pulv one of the prime necessit return in grain, though will be, those who, conte ral lessons their great gra tinue to pursue the prac scratching over the surfac fields, and then send forth because Providence has n bilities, and their families turns equal to those of neighbors.

But the question of fert material most proper a used, and how and when so generally understood. matter of certainty that in our present general sys average annual yield of th that cereal is grown, migh creased twenty per cent., present cost of producti cious application of the p rial.

In the first place, every mence preparations for n should set on his thinkin and consider in a common ments the crops will requi of, and in which of these to give to wheat is mos mine this it is not necessa a professor of chemistry, in his education. A fe Browne's Field Book of M Elements of Scientific A $1,50, the last 75 cents— any of our agricultural p careful common sense rev and produce of the lan years, will place any int position to form a conclu soil requires, and how and

found it valuable for
kindling wood. The
it will serve equally

14.

imal of the canine
from a broomstick,"
xperience with both—
hing would induce us
animal, except that
of him.

15.

ing in this enterprise
think any lengthened
Those who have in-
ave probably become

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tective.

" said the porter to a
ng man and his dog
"You must leave him

young man; "stay
come back;" and he

an wished to refer to
the chain had been
luable time-piece was
case a moment, and
ed through his mind.
pered the fact to the
sion to take the dog

id he, "you knowing
and he showed him
cut chain. "Do you
In there, sir, is the
ood doggie, and I'll
You understand, do

and tail, and gave his
ng look, and then the
place.
tive glided around
ng away at this one's
until at last he set his
kirt of a genteel look-
shaken off. The young
the case to the by-
ound him, and had the
ed. Six other watches
hich he had gathered
morning, and which
very glad to get their
out his master's pro-
hat was all he cared
fully. It would have
an to do the work so
all agreed that he
as a dog could have.
a bowl of milk, how-
all his wants, and
to do the same favor

TURAL.

olumn.

RDAY EVENING POST.

ON WHEAT.

ections of our wheat-
rom beginning to end,
importance, so far as
our next year's wheat

der green crops, is the
ourse the preliminary
performed in most in-
eat is to be made the
cereal, then August
preparation. So far
d, it is now very gene-
gging to a reasonable
prization of the soil, is
ples of a remunerative
there are, and always
at with the agricultu-
ndfathers taught, con-
ties of skimming and
e, half fertilizing their
their annual protest
ot performed impossi-
d soil given them re-
their better educated

ilizing for wheat—the
nd economical to be
o use it, is not nearly
It is very nearly a
with no improvement
tem of cultivation, the
e wheat crop, wherever
t easily enough be in-
and at less than the
on, simply by a judi-
roper manurial mate-

farmer about to com-
xt year's wheat crop,
g cap, right side front,
n sense way what ele-
re the largest amount
the land he intends
t deficient. To deter-
ary that he should be
or especially scientific
w hours' reading of
Manures, and Norton's
Agriculture—the first
—to be had of almost
publishers, and then a
iew of the treatment
d for the past three
elligent farmer in a
ssion as to what the
when to apply it.

A liberal application of ordinary stable manure will unquestionably produce a remunerative crop of wheat, but then it almost always produces a famous crop of foul weeds too. Besides, the majority of material piled on is that which wheat does not want, and will not use under any compulsion. Hence a needless outlay for that individual crop, and after a few years' more experience we shall probably all begin to learn that special manuring, with quick acting fertilizers best adapted to the requirements of the grains or plants we intend to produce, is a practice far preferable to that of fertilizing promiscuously with material not needed, and two or three years in advance for crops that after all we may never put in.

Every farmer ought always to consume every year all the manurial material made on the farm, which in general may be judiciously expended on meadow and pasture lands where the grass seeds contained in the stable manure will find their legitimate place, and then for wheat, and indeed whatever requires clean culture, that mercantile manure which is not simply a stimulant, producing large crops at the expense of after fertility; but that material which contains the largest percentage of specific food in a condition most readily assimilable should be applied.

For fall sown wheat, the land being properly prepared, the application of raw bone reduced to dust, sown broadcast at the rate of say two hundred pounds to the acre at the time of sowing the wheat, and then a dressing of a like quantity early in the spring, would unquestionably be the most appropriate and cheapest manure that could possibly be applied, besides bringing the average yield up to the twenty per cent. above the average rule.

Green Soiling Stock.

Though the general and individual advantages of keeping stock, especially horned cattle, up and feeding all the year round, instead of permitting them to wander about and out for themselves, have been again and again so clearly demonstrated by fair experiments, that no sensible farmer will pretend to question, still it is very doubtful if American farmers can be drilled or driven into the practice these hundred years yet. They have too much land, and too little time, they think, to wait on stock in that way.

It is only when a season of unmerciful heat and severe drought like the present comes down upon them, crisping up pastures, cutting down the flow of milk to nearly nothing, putting a sudden period to butter making, and causing bovine hip bones and ribs to stand out dumb accusers of cruelty to animals, that our farmers and dairymen reflect seriously that probably, after all, green soiling would be a pleasant and profitable practice.

But dry-time resolutions soon fail, conviction is short lived. With the first good soaking rain, out spring the green pastures, down flows the suspended milk tide, the churn revolves, hip bones and accusing ribs disappear, and away flits the farmer's brief fit of fever, and soiling is lost sight of until another dry time brings it out again, and with it a few faint resolutions, to be drowned out by the first rain.

There is no doubt but that our dairymen who make butter a specialty, and those who make money by supplying milk to city consumers, would find it both a profitable and pleasant practice to keep up and feed their dairy stock.

Poisonous Plants.

It is a fact not very generally known that several varieties of plants and vines which always hang around the borders of cleared fields, and persistently intrude upon cultivated domains, quite or comparatively innoxious at all other seasons, are dangerously poisonous through midsummer and the early part of September. Some persons are susceptible of receiving the virus of these infamous guerrillas only by actual contact, some are severely poisoned by their exhalations, without touching them; while others cut and slash among them with impunity. A few there are that may handle the poisonous plants nine times without injury, and at the tenth pay dearly for their indiscretion.

In case of poisoning by any of these farm pests, a remedy simple and efficient is, first a solution of sulphite of soda, two ounces to a pint of water, and bathe the poisoned surface, then a dose of salts, and the virus is killed. As a preventive, the solution of soda, and afterwards the application of sweet oil to the exposed surface, is almost always effective. As at this season of the year farmers in haying, harvesting, and clearing out tangled corners are frequently exposed, such as are susceptible to these poisons will do well to bear these hints in mind.

Gathered Grains.

——— Last week our milkman cut down the supply one-half. Thinking to charge the deficiency to the drought—short pasturage, Madeline said:

"Very dry time in the country, Peter."

"Yaas—mine bump giffs out. I fix him pretty quick, den I giffs you blenty milks."

——— Tomatoes are going under more aliases than a *bon ton* pickpocket. Ask huckster the price of tomatoes, and he stares at you stupidly and asks:—"What's that?" Tomats, ter mattuses, tu mattis, and toe marters, are popular aliases. Why not ring in potatoes as potats, pertattuses, putattis, and *Po Tartars!*

——— If our orchard owners will only gather all the early, unripe, wormy windfall apples, and pass them through their cider machines, they will cut off very nearly all next year's crop of apple worms, besides making lots of Newark champaign cider that will be both meat and drink.

——— Very poor prospect for grapes this year this way. Rotting badly everywhere: besides, a great many vines that we saw hanging full last year, are without a grape now. A preventive of grape rot is one of the things very much wanted.

☞ An impatient Welshman called to his wife: "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock, with "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet?"

☞ Good Out of Evil.—Mr. Spurgeon, preaching on theological panics, exclaimed:—"Never be afraid, my brethren; truth will bear threshing, and lose nothing but the husk which surrounded it. Good will come out of evil. Shake away, sir! Sift away! Not one grain of wheat will fall to the ground."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 52, 41, 44, 7, is a mineral.
My 9, 22, 18, 11, 4, 12, is a tropical fruit.
My 50, 5, 14, 29, is the most precious metal.
My 52, 35, 1, is a mountain near Troy.
My 25, 22, 21, 53, 16, 17, is a great nation in Europe.
My 52, 22, 52, 31, was the messenger of Juno.
My 15, 6, 50, 30, 47, 43, is the name of a month.
My 8, 36, 40, 22, 46, 31, is a constellation in the Zodiac.
My 16, 49, 41, 13, 23, 42, 32, 28, 41, is a workman.
My 33, 37, 19, is a tool.
My 45, 24, 2, 20, is a plaything for girls.
My 31, 51, 38, 3, 52, 12, is a girl's name.
My 10, 49, 39, 47, is a grain.
My 34, 52, 50, 27, 48, is the opposite to day.
My 26, 23, 51, is a drink.
My whole is a proverb. STARLIGHT.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 4, 9, 3, is an allowance.
My 2, 8, 5, is a fowl.
My 3, 4, 6, 8, is what we like.
My 4, 5, 1, is an insect.
My 5, 3, 6, 1, may be found in the bushes.
My 6, 7, 3, 4, 9, is what no one should do.
My 7, 4, 1, 8, 9, is essential to life.
My 9, 4, 1, is a troublesome animal.
My whole you will know when you solve this enigma. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

A Nosegay of Flowers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A lady's name, and a bright metal.
2. What sugar is, and a lady's name.
3. A bird, and part of the body.
4. A color, and what is heard every Sunday at church.
5. A domestic animal, and to fall.
6. A domestic animal, and the queen of flowers. E. M.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Schoolboys are fond of obtaining my whole; decapitate me, and I become a woman; and take off my head again, I am a loathsome disease; transpose me, and I become a child; behead me, and you have an expression of a sportsman; behead again, and it is a pronoun; then curtail me, and I only remain.
STANTONVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fifty persons stake a dollar each to play for at dice, each throwing five times with six dice—the one who throws highest to be winner. The eleventh player having thrown 100, it is required to determine the value of his chance of winning. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the third order a weight of 16 lbs., acting at the distance of 23.42 in. from the centre of motion, balances 256 lbs., at what distance from the centre of motion is the 256 lbs. applied, supposing each inch of the lever to weigh one half a pound?
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What are the sides of a parallelogram whose length is one perch longer than broad, and containing in area one acre of ground?
DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three merchants, D., E. and F., have gained $234, which they are to divide so that when the profit of D. is multiplied by 2, the profit of E. by 3, and that of F. by 4, the products are all to be equal. How much did each of them receive? PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When do circumstances act as carpenters? Ans.—When they alter cases.

☞ Which is the most distinguished of gulls? Ans.—The great Mo-gul.

☞ Why are inveterate smokers like converted heathens? Ans.—They burn their idols.

☞ What is the difference between a marchioness and a mountebank? Ans.—The first stands upon ceremony, the second on his head.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Head of the Army," (last words of Napoleon.) ENIGMA—The Emancipation Preclamation. CHARADE—Lamp-lighter.

☞ A Sunday-school teacher was relating to her class of boys, graphically, and of course in the gravest manner possible, the ancient Bible incident which speaks of Joseph's going out in a chariot to meet his father Jacob, when she was interrupted by the following abrupt remark:—"Umph! Joseph thought he was 'some punkins,' didn't he, riding out in a chariot to meet his dad?"

☞ A new mode of smuggling cigars has been discovered by the custom-house authorities at Paris. Some large blocks of stone, weighing about a hundred weight, having arrived from Switzerland, it was found, on inspection that they were hollow, and that they were stuffed full of cigars of the finest brands.

☞ They call Artemus Ward "Artesian Ward" out West. He is such a deep joker.